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Vittoria Corombona,

OR, THE

WHITE DEVIL.

A

TRAGEDY.

By *J. Webster.*

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY HIS

Majesties Servants.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Crooke*, at the Green Dragon without *Temple-Bar.* M. DC. LXXII.

Victoria Rooms, Clifton.

WHITE BOY.

TRAGEDY.

Theatre Royal,

Majesties Servants.

To the READER.

IN Publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to my self that liberty which other men have ta'ne before me; not that I affect praise by it; for, nos hæc novimus esse nihil: *only, since it was Acted in so open, and black a Theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only Grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding Auditory: and that, since that time, I have noted; most of the People that come to that Play-House, resemble those ignorant Asses, who visiting* Stationers *Shops, their use is not to inquire for good Books, but new Books; I present it to the general view, with this confidence;*

Nec rhonchos metues malignorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true Dramatick Poem, I shall easily confess it; Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, Ipse ego quam dixi; *willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory the most sententious Tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical Laws, as height of Style, and gravity of Person; enrich it with the sententious* Chorus, *and, as it were, enliven Death, in the passionate and weighty* Nuntius: *yet after all this Divine Rapture,* O dura messorum ilia! *the breath that comes from the incapable multitude is able to poison it; and ere it be Acted, let the Author resolve to fit to every Scene, this of* Horace:

——Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those, who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a Goose-quill winged with two feathers; and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides *to* Alcestides, *a Tragick writer;* Alcestides *objecting, that* Euripides *had only in three days composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thou tell'st truth (quoth he) but here's the difference; thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy Labors; especially of that full and heightned style of Mr. Chapman; *the labour'd and understanding works of Mr.* Johnson; *the no less worthy compositures of the both worthily excellent Mr.* Beamont, *and Mr.* Fletcher: *And lastly, (without wrong last to be named) the right happy, and copious industry of Mr.* Shakespear, *Mr.* Decker, *Mr.* Heywood, *&c. wishing, what I writ, may be read by their light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine own judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of* Martial;

——Non norunt Hæc monumenta mori.

J. W.

In Mentem Authoris.

Scire velis quid sit Mulier? quo percitet œstro?
En tibi, si sapias, cum sale, mille sales.

J. Wilson.

The Persons.

Monticelso.——*A Cardinal; afterwards* Pope Paul *the fourth.*

Francisco de Medicis.} *Duke of* Florence; *in the* 4th. *Act disguis'd for a* Moor, *under the name of* Mulinassar.

Brachiano.} *Otherwise,* Paulo Giordano Ursini, *Duke of* Brachiano; *Husband to* Isabella, *and in love with* Vittoria.

Giovanni.——*His Son, by* Isabella.

Lodovico.——*An* Italian *Count, but decay'd.*

Antonelli. Gaspard.} *His Friends, and Dependents on the Duke of* Florence.

Camillo.——*Husband to* Vittoria.

Hortensio.——*One of* Brachiano's *Officers.*

Marcello.——*An Attendant on the Duke of* Florence, *and Brother to* Vittoria.

Flamineo.——*His Brother; Secretary to* Brachiano.

Jaques.——*A* Moor, *Servant to* Giovanni.

Isabella.——*Sister to* Francisco de Medicis, *and Wife to* Brachiano.

Vittoria Corombona.} *A* Venetian *Lady; first married to* Camillo, *afterwards to* Brachiano.

Cornelia.——*Mother to* Vittoria, Flamineo, *and* Marcello.

Zanche.——*A* Moor, *Servant to* Vittoria.

Embassadors. Courtiers. Lawyers. Officers.

Physitians. Conjurer. Armorer. Attendants.

The Scene, *ITALY.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF THE Duke of *Brachiano*, and *Vittoria Corombona*.

ACTUS Primus. SCENA Prima.

Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli, and Gaſparo.

Lod. BAniſht? *Anto.* It griev'd me much to hear the ſentence.
Lod. Ha, ha! O *Democritus*, thy Gods
That govern the whole world, Courtly reward,
And puniſhment; Fortune's a right whore.
If ſhe give ought, ſhe deals it in ſmall parcels,
That ſhe may take away all at one ſwoop.
This 'tis to have great enemies, God quit them:
Your wolf no longer ſeems to be a wolf
Then when ſhe's hungry. *Gaſ.* You term thoſe enemies
Are men of Princely rank? *Lod.* Oh, I pray for them.
The violent thunder is ador'd by thoſe
Are daſht in pieces by it. *Anto.* Come, my Lord,
You're juſtly doom'd; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruin'd the Nobleſt Earldom. *Gaſ.* Your followers
Have ſwallow'd you like Mummy; and being ſick
With ſuch unnatural and horrid Phyſick,
Vomit you up i'th kennel. *Anto.* All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you ſtagger'd through; one Citizen
Is Lord of two fair Mannors call you maſter,
Only for Caviare. *Gaſ.* Thoſe Noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feaſts,
Wherein the Phœnix ſcarce could ſcape your throats,
Laugh at your miſery, as fore-deeming you
An idle Meteor, which drawn from the earth
Would be ſoon loſt i'th air. *Anto.* Jeſt upon you,
And ſay you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You have ruin'd ſuch fair Lordſhips. *Lod.* Very good.
This Well goes with two buckets, I muſt tend

The pouring out of either. *Gaſ.* Worſe then theſe,
You have acted certain Murders here in *Rome*,
Bloody and full of horror. *Lod.* 'Las they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then? *Gaſ.* O my Lord,
The Law doth ſometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to ſteep violent ſins in blood:
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better theſe bad times.
Lod. So, but I wonder then ſome great men ſcape
This baniſhment: ther's *Paulo Giordano Urſini*,
The Duke of *Brachiano*, now lives in *Rome*,
And by cloſe Pandariſm ſeeks to proſtitute
The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*:
Vittoria, ſhe that might have got my pardon
For one kiſs to the Duke. *Anto.* Have a full man within you:
We ſee that Trees bear no ſuch pleaſant fruit
There where they grew firſt, as where they are new ſet.
Perfumes the more they are chaf'd, the more they render
Their pleaſant ſcents; and affliction
Expreſſeth virtue fully, whether true,
Or elſe adulterate. *Lod.* Leave your painted comforts;
Ile make *Italian* cut-works in their guts
If ever I return. *Gaſ.* O Sir. *Lod.* I am patient;
I have ſeen ſome ready to be executed
Give pleaſant looks, and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman; ſo do I, I thank them,
And would account them nobly merciful
Would they diſpatch me quickly. *Anto.* Fare you well,
We ſhall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your baniſhment. *Lod.* I am ever bound to you. *Enter Senate.*
This it the worlds alms; pray make uſe of it;
Great men ſell ſheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When firſt they have ſhorn them bare, and ſold their fleeces. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scen. 2.

Enter Brachiano, Flamineo, Vittoria.

Bra. Your beſt of reſt. *Vit.* Unto my Lord the Duke
The beſt of welcome. More lights: Attend the Duke. *Exit Vit.*
Bra. Flamineo. Fla. My Lord. *Bra.* Quite loſt! *Flamineo.*
Fla. Purſue your noble wiſhes, I am prompt
As lightning to your ſervice, O my Lord!
The Fair *Vittoria*, my happy Siſter,
Shall give you preſent audience: Gentlemen, *whiſper.*
Let the caroach go on; and 'tis his pleaſure
You put out all your torches, and depart.

Exit.

Bra. Are we so happy? *Fla.* Can't be otherwise?
Observ'd you not to night, my honour'd Lord,
Which way so ere she went, she threw her eyes;
I have dealt already with her Chamber-maid,
Zanche the Moor; and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Bra. We are happy above thought, because 'bove merit.

Fla. 'Bove merit! we may now talk freely: 'bove merit! what i'it you doubt? her Coyness! that's but the superficies of lust most women have; yet why should Ladies blush to hear that nam'd which they do not fear to handle? O, they are politick; They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of injoying, where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsie passion; if the Butt'ry-hatch at Court stood continually open, there would be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage.

Bra. O, but her jealous husband.

Fla. Hang him; a gilder that hath his brains perisht with quick-silver is not more cold in the Liver. The great Barriers moulted not more feathers, then he hath shed hairs, by the confession of his Doctor. An Irish Gamester, that will play himself naked, and then wage all downwards, at hazard, is not more venturous. So unable to please a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his Breeches.
Shrowd you within this Closet, good my Lord;
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My Brother in law from his fair bed-fellow.

Bra. O, should she fail to come.

Fla. I must not have your Lordship thus unwisely amorous: I my self have loved a Lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have injoyed, would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of: 'Tis just like a Summer Bird-cage in a Garden; the Birds that are without despair to get in; and the birds that are within despair, and are in a Consumption, for fear they shall never get out: away, away, my Lord.
See here he comes: this fellow by his apparel *Enter Camillo.*
Some men would judge a Polititian:
But call his wit in question, you shall find him
Meerly an As in's foot-cloth.
How now, Brother? what travelling to bed to your kind wife?

Cam. I assure you Brother, no; My voyage lies
More Northerly, in a far colder clime;
I do not well remember, I protest, when I last lay with her.

Fla. Strange you should lose your Count.

Cam. We never lay together, but ere morning
There grew a flaw between us. *Fla.* 'Thad been your part
To have made up that flaw,

Cam. True, but she loaths I should be seen in't.

Fla. Why Sir, what's the matter?

Cam. The Duke your Master visits me, I thank him;
And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He would have his bowl run.

Fla. I hope you do not think———

Cam. That Noblemen bowl booty: Faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would fain jump with my Mistress.

Fla. Will you be an Ass,
Despight your *Aristotle?* or a Cuckold,
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*,
Which shews you under what a smiling Planet
You were first swadled?

Cam. Pew wew, Sir, tell not me
Of Planets, nor of *Ephemerides:*
A man may be made Cuckold in the day-time,
When the Stars eyes are out. *Fla.* Sir, God bu'y you;
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuft with horn-shavings. *Cam.* Brother. *Fla.* God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife. *Cam.* 'Twere very good.

Fla. Bar her the sight of revels. *Cam.* Excellent.

Fla. Let her not go to Church, but like a hound
In Leon, at your heels. *Cam.* 'Twere for her honour.

Fla. And so you shall be certain, in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence,
To be Cuckolded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't.

Cam. Come, you know not where my night-cap wrings me.

Fla. Wear it on th'old fashion; let your large ears come through, it will be more easie; nay I will be bitter, bar your wife of her entertainment: women are more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous Coxcomb; take the height of your own horns with a *Jacobs* staff afore they are up. These politick inclosures of paltry Mutton, make more rebellion in the flesh, then all the provocative Electuaries Doctors have utter'd since the last Jubilee.

Cam. This doth not physick me.

Fla. It seems you are Jealous; ile shew you the error of it by a familiar example: I have seen a pair of spectacles fashion'd with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelve pence oth'board, 'twill appear as if there were twenty; now, should you wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your Wife tying her shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking up of your Wives clothes; and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Cam. The fault there, Sir, is not in the eye-sight.

Fla.

Fla. True; but they that have the Yellow Jaundise think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousie is worse; her fits present to a man, like so many Bubbles in a Bason of water, twenty several crabbed faces; many times makes his own shadow his Cuckold-maker. * See she comes; what reason have you to be Jealous of this Creature? what an ignorant Ass, or Hatt'ring Knave might he be counted, that should write Sonnets to her Eyes; or call her Brow the Snow of *Ida*, or Ivory of *Corinth*; or compare her Hair to the Black-birds Bill, when 'tis liker the Black-birds Feather? This is all: Be wise. I will make you Friends, and you shall go to bed together: marry look you, it shall not be your seeking; do you stand upon that, by any means, walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in't. Sister, my Lord attends you in the Banquetting-house; your Husband is wondrous discontented. *Enter Vit.*

Vit. I did nothing to displease him; I carved to him at supper-time.

Fla. You need not have carved him in faith, they say he is a Capon already; I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a Gentleman so well descended as *Camillo* —— a lousie Slave, that within this twenty years rode with the Black-guard, in the Dukes carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans.

Cam. Now he begins to tickle her.

Fla. An excellent Scholar —— one that hath a Head fill'd with Calves-brains without any Sage in them; come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging? that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fire at the Glass-house hath not gone out this seven years: Is he not a Courtly Gentleman? —— when he wears white Sattin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature then a Maggot; you are a goodly Foile, I confess, well set out —— but cover'd with a false stone, you counterfeit Diamond.

Cam. He will make her know what is in me.

Fla. Come, my Lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my Lord.

Cam. Now he comes to't.

Fla. With a relish as curious as a Vintner going to taste new Wine; I am op'ning your case hard.

Cam. A Virtuous Brother, on my credit.

Fla. He will give thee a Ring, with a Philosophers Stone in it.

Cam. Indeed I am studying Alchymy.

Fla. Thou shalt lie in a Bed stuft with Turtles feathers, swoon in perfum'd Linnen, like the Fellow smother'd in Roses; so perfect shall be thy happiness, that as Men at Sea think Land, and Trees, and Ships go that way they go; so, both Heaven and Earth shall seem to go your Voyage. Shal't meet him; 'tis fixt, with nails of Diamonds, to inevitable necessity.

Vit. How shal's rid him hence? *aside.*

Fla. I will put Brees in's tail, set him gadding presently. To *Camillo.*
I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming; but might I advise you, now for this night I would not lie with her; I would cross her humor to make her more humble.

Cam. Shall I, shall I?

Fla.

Fla. It will ſhew in you a Supremacy of Judgment.

Cam. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion; for, *qua negata, grata.*

Fla. Right: you are the Adamant ſhall draw her to you, though you keep diſtance off.

Cam. A Philoſophical reaſon.

Fla. Walk by her oth' Noblemans faſhion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the Progreſs.

Cam. Vittoria, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would ſay, incited.

Vit. To do what, Sir?

Cam. To lie with you to night; your ſilk-worm uſeth to faſt every third day, and the next following ſpins the better. To morrow at night I am for you.

Vit. You'l ſpin a fair thread, truſt to't.

Fla. But, do you hear? I ſhall have you ſteal to her Chamber about midnight.

Cam. Do you think ſo? why look you Brother; becauſe you ſhall not think ile gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and ſo you ſhall be ſure of me.

Fla. In troth I will, ile be your Gaoler once;
But have you ne'r a falſe door?

Cam. A pox on't, as I am a Chriſtian; tell me to morrow how ſcurvily ſhe takes my unkind parting.

Fla. I will. *Cam.* Didſt thou not mark the jeſt of the ſilk-worm? good night; in faith I will uſe this trick often.

Fla. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*
So, now you are ſafe. Ha, ha, ha; thou intangleſt thy ſelf in thine own work, like a ſilk-worm.

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Come Siſter, darkneſs hides your bluſh; women are like curſt dogs, cruelty keeps them tied all day time, but they are let looſe at midnight, then they do moſt good or moſt miſchief; my Lord, my Lord. *Enter Brachiano.*

Bra. Give credit; I could wiſh time would ſtand ſtill,
And never end this enterview this hour, *Zanche brings out a Carpet,*
But all delight doth it ſelf ſoon'ſt devour. *ſpreads it, and lays on it two*
Let me into your boſome, happy Lady, *fair Cuſhions.*
Pour out in ſtead of Eloquence my vows; *Enter Cornelia.*
Looſe me not Madam, for if you forgo me, I am loſt eternally.

Vit. Sir, in the way of pity I wiſh you heart-whole.

Bra. You are a ſweet Phyſitian.

Vit. Sure, Sir, a loath'd cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many Funerals; it takes away their credit.

Bra. Excellent Creature.
We call the cruel fair, what name for you
That are ſo merciful? *Zan.* See now they cloſe.

Fla. Moſt happy union.

Cor. My fears are fallen upon me, oh my heart!

My

My Son the Pandar! now I find our houſe
Sinking to ruine. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyranniz'd, iron, lead, or ſtone;
But woe to ruine, violent luſt leaves none.
Bra. What value is this Jewel?
Vit. 'Tis the ornament of a weak fortune.
Bra. In ſooth ile have it; nay I will but change
My Jewel for your Jewel. *Fla.* Excellent,
His Jewel for her Jewel; well put in Duke.
Bra. Nay let me ſee you wear it. *Vit.* Here, Sir.
Bra. Nay lower, you ſhall wear my Jewel lower.
Fla. That's better, ſhe muſt wear his Jewel lower.
Vit. To paſs away the time, ile tell your Grace
A dream I had laſt night. *Bra.* Moſt wiſhedly.
Vit. A fooliſh idle dream:
Methought I walkt, about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Ewe* Tree
Spread her large root in ground: under that *Ewe*
As I ſat ſadly leaning on a grave,
Checker'd with croſs-ſticks, there came ſtealing in
Your Dutcheſs and my Husband; one of them
A Pick-ax bore, th'other a ruſty Spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me,
About this *Ewe*. *Bra.* That Tree.
Vit. This harmleſs *Ewe*:
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown *Ewe*, and plant i'th ſtead of it
A wither'd black-thorn, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive: my Husband ſtrait
With pick-ax 'gan to dig, and your fell Dutcheſs
With ſhovel, like a Fury, voided out
The earth, and ſcatter'd bones: Lord, how methought
I trembled! and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. *Fla.* No, the Devil was in your dream.
Vit. When to my reſcue there aroſe, methought,
A whirlwind, which let fall a maſſy arm
From that ſtrong plant;
And both were ſtruck dead by that ſacred *Ewe*,
In that baſe ſhallow grave that was their due.
Fla. Excellent Devil!
She hath taught him in a dream
To make away his Dutcheſs, and her Husband.
Bra. Sweetly ſhall I interpret this your dream;
You are lodg'd within his arms who ſhall protect you
From all the fevers of a Jealous Husband,

From the poor envy of our flegmatick Dutchess:
Ile seat you above law, and above scandal.
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition; nor shall Government
Divide me from you longer then a care
To keep you great: you shall to me, at once,
Be Dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.
Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still fore-run our fall.
Fla. What fury rais'd thee up? away, away. *Exit Zanche.*
Cor. What make you here, my Lord, this dead time of night?
Never dropt mildew on a flower here, till now.
Fla. I pray will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted. *Cor.* O that this fair Garden
Had with all poyson'd Herbs of *Thessaly*
At first been planted; made a Nursery
For Witch-craft, rather then a burial plot
For both your Honours. *Vit.* Dearest Mother, hear me.
Cor. O, thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature; see the Curse of Children;
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.
Bra. Come, come, I will not hear you.
Vit. Dear my Lord.
Cor. Where is thy Dutchess now, adulterous Duke?
Thou little dream'st this night she's come to *Rome*.
Fla. How? come to *Rome*. *Vit.* The Dutchess?
Bra. She had been better.
Cor. The lives of Princes should like Dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.
Fla. So have you done. *Cor.* Unfortunate *Camillo!*
Vit. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood, could have allay'd
His long suit to me.
Cor. I will joyn with thee,
To the most woful end e're mother kneel'd;
If thou dishonour thus thy Husbands bed,
Be thy life short as are the Funeral-tears
In great mens. *Bra.* Fie, fie, the Woman's mad.
Cor. Be thy act *Judas*-like, betray in kissing;
May'st thou be envied during his short breath;
And pitied, like a wretch, after his death.
Vit. O me accurst! *Exit Vittoria.*
Fla. Are you out of your wits, my Lord?
Ile fetch her back again. *Bra.* No, Ile to bed.

Send

Send Doctor *Julio* to me presently:
Uncharitable Woman, thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm;
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm. *Exit Brachiano.*
Fla. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night, think you,
To send a Duke home without e're a man?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoorded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my Lords stirrop. *Cor.* What? because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious? *Fla.* Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the Gallies, or the Gallows?
My Father prov'd himself a Gentleman,
Sold all's land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up,
At *Padua*, I confess; where, I protest,
For want of means (the University Judge me)
I have been fain to heel my Tutors stockings
At least seven years: Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes service,
I visited the Court, whence I return'd,
More courteous, more letcherous by far,
But not a suit the richer; and shall I,
Having a path so open, and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine
Ile arm and fortifie with lusty Wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.
Cor. O that I ne're had born thee.
Fla. So would I,
I would the common'st Curtezan in *Rome*
Had been my Mother, rather then thy self.
Nature is very pitiful to Whores,
To give them but few Children, yet those Children
Plurality of Fathers; they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great Lord Cardinal,
It may be he will justifie the act.
Lycurgus wondred much, Men would provide
Good stallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair Wives to be barren.
Cor. Misery of miseries! *Exit Cornelia.*
Fla. The Dutchess come to Court? I like not that,
W'are ingag'd to mischief, and must on,

As Rivers to find out the Ocean
Flow with crookt bendings beneath forc'd banks;
Or, as we see, to aspire some mountains top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtile foldings of a Winters snake:
So, who knows policy, and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding, and indirect. *Exit.*

ACTUS Secundus. SCENA Prima.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, *Cardinal* Monticelso, Marcello, Isabella, *young* Giovanni, *with little* Jaques *the Moor.*

Fra. Have you not seen your Husband since you arriv'd?
Isa. Not yet, Sir. *Fra.* Surely he is wonderful kind;
If I had such a Dove-house as *Camillo*'s,
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to't;——my sweet Cousin!
Gio. Lord, Uncle, you did promise me a horse,
And armour. *Fra.* That I did, my pretty Cousin:
Marcello, see it fitted. *Mar.* My Lord, the Duke is here.
Fra. Sister, away; you must not be seen.
Isa. I do beseech you, intreat him mildly;
Let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance; all my wrongs
Are freely pardon'd; and I do not doubt,
As men to try the precious Unicorns Horn,
Make of the Powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a Spider: so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected straying. *Exeunt Isabella, and Giovanni.*
Fra. I wish it may. Be gone.

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.

Void the Chamber.
You are welcome; will you sit? I pray, my Lord,
Be you my Orator; my heart's too full,
Ile second you anon. *Mont.* E're I begin,
Let me intreat your Grace forgo all passion,
Which may be raised by my free discourse.
Bra. As silent as i'th Church, you may proceed.
Mont. It is a wonder to your Noble Friends,
That you having as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And have, to th'use of Nature, well appli'd
High gifts of Learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your awful Throne, for the soft Down
Of an Insatiate Bed: Oh, my Lord,

The Drunkard after all his laviſh Cups
Is dry, and then is ſober: ſo, at length,
When you awake from this laſcivious dream,
Repentance then will follow; like the Sting
Plac't in the Adders tail. Wretched are Princes
When Fortune blaſteth but a petty Flower
Of their unweldy Crowns; or raviſheth
But one Pearl from their Scepters: but alas!
When they to wilful ſhipwrack looſe good fame,
All Princely Titles periſh with their name.

Bra. You have ſaid, my Lord. *Mon.* Enough to give you taſte,
How far I am from flatt'ring your greatneſs.

Bra. Now, you that are his ſecond, what ſay you?
Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a courſe about;
Your game flies fair, and for you. *Fra.* Do not fear it:
Ile anſwer you in your own hawking phraſe.
Some Eagles that ſhould gaze upon the Sun,
Seldom ſoar high, but take their luſtful eaſe;
Since they from dunghil-birds their prey can ſeize:
You know *Vittoria*. *Bra.* Yes.

Fra. You ſhift your ſhirt there,
When you retire from Tennis. *Bra.* Haply.

Mont. Her husband is Lord of a poor fortune,
Yet ſhe wears Cloth of Tiſſue. *Bra.* What of this?
Will you urge that, my good Lord Cardinal,
As part of her confeſſion, at next Shrift,
And know from whence it ſails? *Fra.* She is your Strumpet.

Bra. Uncivil Sir, there's Hemlock in thy breath,
And that black ſlander; were ſhe a Whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrow'd *Switzers*,
Thy Gallies, nor thy ſworn Confederates,
Durſt not ſupplant her. *Fra.* Let's not talk of Thunder;
Thou haſt a Wife, our Siſter; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound, and lockt faſt
In her laſt winding-ſheet, when I gave thee
But one. *Bra.* Thou hadſt given a ſoul to God then.

Fra. True.
Thy Ghoſtly Father, with all's abſolution,
Shall ne're do ſo by thee. *Bra.* Spit thy poiſon.

Fra. I ſhall not need; Luſt carries her ſharp whip
At her own girdle; look to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. *Bra.* Thunder? i'faith?
They are but Crackers. *Fra.* We'l end it with the Cannon.

Bra. Thou'lt get nought by it, but Iron in thy Wounds,
And Gun-powder in thy Noſtrils. *Fra* Better that,

Then change Perfumes for Plaiſters. *Bra.* Pity on thee.
'Twere good youl'd ſhew your ſlaves, or men condemn'd,
Your new-plow'd forehead defiance; and ile meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ableſt men.
Mon. My Lord, you ſhall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. *Fra.* Willingly.
Bra. Have you proclaim'd a Triumph, that you bait a Lion thus?
Mon. My Lord. *Bra.* I am tame, I am tame, Sir.
Fra. We ſend unto the Duke for conference
'Bout Levies 'gainſt the Pirates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home; we come our ſelf in Perſon,
Still my Lord Duke is buſied: but we fear
When *Tyber* to each proling Paſſenger
Diſcovers flocks of Wild-ducks, then, my Lord,
'Bout moulting-time I mean, we ſhall be certain
To find you ſure enough, and ſpeak with you. *Bra.* Ha?
Fra. A meer tale of a Tub, my wonders are idle:
But to expreſs the Sonnet by Natural Reaſon;
When Stags grow melancholy, you'l find the ſeaſon.
Mon. No more; my Lord, here comes a Champion *Enter Giovanni.*
Shall end the difference between you both,
Your Son, the Prince *Giovanni*: ſee, my Lords,
What hopes you ſtore in him; this is a Casket
For both your Crowns, and ſhould be held like dear:
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know,
It is a more direct and even way,
To train to Virtue thoſe of Princely Blood,
By Examples then Precepts: if by Examples,
Whom ſhould he rather ſtrive to imitate
Then his own Father? by his pattern, then,
Leave him a ſtock of Virtue that may laſt,
Should Fortune rend his Sails, and ſplit his Maſt.
Bra. Your hand boy-growing to a Souldier? *Gio.* Give me a Pike.
Fra. What, practiſing your Pike ſo young, Fair Cuz!
Gio. Suppoſe me one of *Homer*'s Frogs, my Lord,
Toſſing my Bull-ruſh thus: pray, Sir, tell me,
Might not a Child of good diſcretion
Be Leader to an Army? *Fra.* Yes, Couſin; a young Prince
Of good diſcretion might. *Gio.* Say you ſo?
Indeed I have heard 'tis fit a General
Should not endanger his own perſon oft,
So that he makes a noiſe when he's a horſeback,
Like a *Dantzick* Drummer: O 'tis Excellent!
He need not fight; methinks his horſe, as well,
Might lead an Army for him: if I live,

Ile charge the *French* foe in the very Front
Of all my Troops, the formoſt man. *Fra.* What, what!
Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers, up, and follow;
But bid them, follow me. *Bra.* Forward Lap-wing;
He flies with the ſhell on's head. *Fra.* Pretty Coulin.
Gio. The firſt year, Uncle, that I go to War,
All Priſoners that I take I will ſet free
Without their ranſome. *Fra.* Ha! without their ranſome?
How then will you reward your Souldiers
That took thoſe Pris'ners for you? *Gio.* Thus, my Lord;
Ile marry them to all the Wealthy Widows
That fall that year. *Fra.* Why then, the next year following
You'l have no men to go with you to War.
Gio. Why then, ile preſs the Women to the War,
And then the Men will follow. *Mon.* Witty Prince.
Fra. See, a good Habit makes a Child a Man,
Whereas a bad one makes a Man a Beaſt.
Come, you and I are friends. *Bra.* Moſt wiſhedly:
Like bones which broken in ſunder, and well ſet,
Knit the more ſtrongly. *Fra.* Call *Iſabella* hither:
You have receiv'd the rumour, how Count *Lodovico*
Is turn'd a Pyrate. *Bra.* Yes. *Fra.* We are now preparing
Some Ships to fetch him in: Behold your Dutcheſs.
We now will leave you, and expect from you *Exeunt Fran.*
Nothing but kind intreaty. *Bra.* You have charm'd me. *Mont. Giov.*
You are in health we ſee. *Iſa.* And, above health, *Enter Iſab.*
To ſee my Lord well. *Bra.* So, I wonder much,
What amorous whirl-wind hurried you to *Rome*,
Iſa. Devotion, my Lord. *Bra.* Devotion?
Is your ſoul charg'd with any grievous ſin?
Iſa. 'Tis burden'd with too many; and I think
The oftner that we caſt our reck'nings up,
Our ſleeps will be the ſounder. *Bra.* Take your Chamber.
Iſa. Nay, my dear Lord, I will not have you angry:
Doth not my abſence from you, now two moneths,
Merit one kiſs? *Bra.* I do not uſe to kiſs;
If that will diſpoſſeſs your jealouſie,
Ile ſwear it to you. *Iſa.* O my lov'd Lord,
I do not come to chide: my jealouſie?
I am to learn what that *Italian* means;
You are as welcome to theſe longing arms,
As I to you a Virgin. *Bra.* O your breath!
Out upon Sweet-meats, and continued Phyſick;
The Plague is in them. *Iſa.* You have oft for theſe two lips
Neglected *Caſſia*, or the natural ſweets

Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much wither'd:
My Lord, I should be merry; these your frowns
Shew in a Helmet lovely, but on me,
In such a peaceful enterview, methinks,
They are too too roughly knit. *Bra.* O dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness, to complain
Unto your kindred? *Isa.* Never, my dear Lord.
Bra. Must I be hunted out? or was't your trick,
To meet some amorous gallant here in *Rome*,
That must supply our discontinuance?
Isa. I pray, Sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turn to your antient pity, though not love.
Bra. Because your Brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is, the great Duke: S'death I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred Crowns at Tennis,
But it shall rest upon record: I scorn him
Like a shav'd Pollake; all his reverent Wit
Lies in his Wardrobe; he's a discreet Fellow,
When he's made up in his Robes of State:
Your Brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish flie-boat,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soul)
First made this match; accurst be the Priest
That sang the wedding Mass; and even my issue.
Isa. O too too far you have curst. *Bra.* Your hand Ile kiss;
This is the latest ceremony of my love;
Henceforth Ile never lie with thee; by this,
This wedding-ring, Ile ne're more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the Judge had doom'd it; fare you well,
Our sleeps are sever'd. *Isa.* Forbid it the sweet union
Of all things blessed; why, the Saints in Heaven
Will knit their brows at that. *Bra.* Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance: Let thy Brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. *Isa.* O my winding sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly: Dear, my Lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not hear,
Never. *Bra.* Never.
Isa. O my unkind Lord, may your sins find mercy,
As I upon a woful widowed bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes

Upon your wretched Wife, and hopeful Son;
Yet that in time you'l fix them upon Heaven.
Bra. No more; go, go complain to the great Duke.
Isa. Now, my dear Lord, you shall have present witness,
How Ile work peace between you: I will make
My self the Author of your cursed vow;
I have some cause to do it, you have none:
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your Dukedoms, that you wrought the means
Of such a separation; let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousie;
And think with what a pitious, and rent heart,
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Act. 2. Scen. 2.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello, Camillo.

Bra. Well, take your course; my honorable Brother!
Fra. Sister! this is not well, my Lord; why Sister!
She merits not this welcome. *Bra.* Welcome, say?
She hath given a sharp welcome. *Fra.* Are you foolish?
Come dry your tears; is this a modest course?
To better what is naught, to rail and weep:
Grow to a reconcilement, or, by Heaven,
Ile ne'r more deal between you. *Isa.* Sir, you shall not;
No, though *Vittoria*, upon that condition,
Would become honest. *Fra.* Was your Husband loud
Since we departed? *Isa.* By my life, Sir, no;
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty
Laid out for a Whores triumph? *Fra.* Do you hear?
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs; with what justice
They study to requite them; take that course.
Isa. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes!
I would whip some with scorpions. *Fra.* What! turn'd Fury?
Isa. To dig the strumpets eyes out; let her lie
Some twenty moneths a dying; to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh, like *Mummy*, for trophies
Of my just anger: Hell to my affliction
Is meer snow-water. By your favour, Sir;
Brother draw near, and my Lord Cardinal;
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss;
Henceforth ile never lie with you, by this,

This wedding-ring. *Fra.* How? ne're more lie with him?
Isa. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands
Seal'd to the separation. *Bra.* Ne're lie with me?
Isa. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance: *manet alta mente repostum.*
Fra. Now, by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous Woman. *Bra.* You see 'tis not my seeking.
Fra. Was this your circle of pure Unicorns horn,
You said should charm your Lord? Now horns upon thee,
For Jealousie deserves them; keep your vow,
And take your chamber. *Isa.* No, Sir; ile presently to *Padua*,
I will not stay a minute. *Mon.* O, good Madam.
Bra. 'Twere best to let her have her humour;
Some half days journey will bring down her stomack,
And then she'l turn in post. *Fra.* To see her come
To my Lord Cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.
"*Isa.* Unkindness do thy office; poor heart break,
"Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak. *Exit.*
Mar. Camillo's come, my Lord.
Fra. Where's the Commission? *Mar.* 'Tis here. *Enter Camillo.*
Fra. Give me the Signet.
Fla. My Lord, do you mark their whispering? I will compound a Medicine out of their two Heads, stronger then Garlick, deadlier then Stibium; the Cantharides which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh, when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence, or invisible cunning.
Bra. About the murder. *Enter Doctor.*
Fla. They are sending him to *Naples*, but ile send him to *Candy*; here's another property too. *Bra.* O the Doctor!
Fla. A poor Quaksalving Knave, my Lord; one that should have been lasht for's Letchery, but that he confest a Judgement, had an Execution laid upon him, and so put the Whip to a *non-plus*.
Doct. And was cousin'd, my Lord, by an erranter Knave then my self, and made pay all the colourable Execution.
Fla. He will shoot Pills into a mans Guts shall make them have more ventages then a Cornet, or Lamprey: he will Poison a Kiss; and was once minded, for his Master-piece, because *Ireland* breeds no Poison, to have prepar'd a deadly vapour in a *Spaniard*'s fart, that should have poison'd all *Dublin*.
Bra. O Saint *Anthony*'s fire!
Doct. Your Secretary is merry, my Lord.
Fla. O thou curst Antipathy to Nature! look, his eyes blood-shed, like a needle

needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with; let me embrace thee, Toad, and love thee; O thou abominable lothsome Gargarism, that wilt fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver by scruples.

Bra. No more: I must employ the honest Doctor.
You must to *Padua*, and, by the way, use some of your skill for us.

Doct. Sir, I shall. *Bra.* But, for *Camillo*?

Fla. He dies, this night, by such a politick strain,
Men shall suppose him by's own engine slain.
But, for your Dutchess death? *Doct.* Ile make her sure.

Bra. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

Fla. Remember this, you slave; when knaves come to preferment, they rise as Gallows are raised i'th low Countries, one upon anothers shoulders.

Mon. Here is an Emblem; Nephew, pray peruse it; *Exeunt. Ent. Mon.*
'Twas thrown in at your window. *Cam.* At my window? *Cam. Fra.*
Here is a Stag, my Lord, hath shed his horns;
And for the loss of them the poor Beast weeps.
The word; *Inopem me copia fecit.* *Mon.* That is;
Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

Cam. What should this mean? *Mon.* Ile tell you, 'tis given out
You are a Cuckold. *Cam.* It is given out so.
I had rather such report, that my Lord
Should keep within doors. *Fra.* Have you any Children?

Cam. None, my Lord. *Fra.* You are the happier:
Ile tell you a tale. *Cam.* Pray, my Lord. *Fra.* An old tale.
Upon a time *Phœbus*, the God of Light,
Or him we call the Sun, would needs be married:
The Gods gave their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent to voice it to the general World.
But what a pitious cry there strait arose
Amongst Smiths, and Felt-makers, Brewers, and Cooks,
Reapers, and Butter-women; amongst Fishmongers,
And thousand other Trades, which are annoy'd
By his excessive heat; 'twas lamentable.
They came to *Jupiter* all in a sweat,
And do forbid the Banes: a great fat Cook
Was made their Speaker; who intreats of *Jove*,
That *Phœbus* might be gelded; for if now,
When there was but one Sun, so many men
Were like to perish by his violent heat;
What should they do if he were married,
And should beget more, and those Children
Make Fire-works like their Father? So say I;
Only I will apply it to your Wife;
Her Issue, should not Providence prevent it,
Would make both Nature, Time, and Man repent it.

Mon. Look you, Couſin:
Go, change the air for ſhame; ſee if your abſence
Will blaſt your *Cornucopia: Marcello*
Is choſen with you Joynt-Commiſſioner,
For the relieving our Italian Coaſt
From-Pirates. *Mar.* I am much honour'd in't. *Cam.* But, Sir,
Ere I return the Stags horns may be ſprouted
Greater then thoſe are ſhed. *Mon.* Do not fear it,
Ile be your Ranger. *Cam.* You muſt watch i'th nights,
Then's the moſt danger. *Fra.* Farewel, good *Marcello:*
All the beſt fortunes of a Souldiers wiſh
Bring you a ſhip-board.
Cam. Were I not beſt, now I am turn'd Souldier,
Ere that I leave my Wife, ſell all ſhe hath,
And then take leave of her? *Mon.* I expect good from you,
Your parting is ſo merry.
Cam. Merry, my Lord? oth' Captains humour right;
I am reſolved to be drunk this night. *Exit.*
Fra. So, 'twas well fitted; now ſhall we diſcern
How his wiſht abſence will give violent way
To Duke *Brachiano*'s luſt. *Mon.* Why, that was it;
To what ſcorn'd purpoſe elſe ſhould we make choice
Of him for a Sea-Captain? and beſides,
Count *Lodowick*, which was rumor'd for a Pirate,
Is now in *Padua*. *Fra.* Is't true? *Mon.* Moſt certain;
I have Letters from him, which are ſuppliant
To work his quick repeal from baniſhment;
He means to addreſs himſelf, for penſion,
Unto your Siſter Dutcheſs. *Fra.* O 'twas well;
We ſhall not want his preſence paſt ſix days.
I fain would have the Duke *Brachiano* run
Into notorious ſcandal, for there's nought
In ſuch curſt dotage to repair his name,
Only the deep ſenſe of ſome deathleſs ſhame.
Mon. It may be objected, I am diſhonourable
To play thus with my Kinſman: but, I anſwer,
For my revenge I'de ſtake a Brothers life,
That being wrong'd durſt not avenge himſelf.
Fra. Come, to obſerve this Strumpet. *Mon.* Curſe of greatneſs!
Sure he'l not leave her. *Fra.* There's ſmall pity in't;
Like Miſtle-toe on fear Elms ſpent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS Tertius. SCENA Prima.

Enter Brachiano, *with one in the Habit of a Conjurer.*

Bra. Now, Sir, I claim your promiſe; 'tis dead midnight,
The time prefixt to ſhew me, by your Art,
How the intended murther of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutcheſs, grow to action.
Con. You have won me, by your bounty, to a deed
I do not often practiſe: ſome there are,
Who by Sophiſtick tricks aſpire that name
Which I would gladly loſe, of Necromancer;
As ſome that uſe to juggle upon Cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat:
Others that raiſe up their confederate ſpirits
'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks
For making of a ſquib: and ſome there are
Will keep a curtal to ſhew juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a ſpirit: Beſides theſe,
Such a whole Ream of Almanack-makers, Figure-flingers,
Fellows indeed that only live by ſtealth,
Since they do meerly lie about ſtoln goods,
They'd make men think, the Devil were faſt and looſe
With ſpeaking Fuſtian-latine. Pray, ſit down;
Put on this Night-cap, Sir, 'tis charm'd: and now
Ile ſhew you, by my ſtrong commanding Art,
The circumſtance that breaks your Dutcheſs heart.

A Dumb Shew.

Enter ſuſpiciouſly Julio *and* Chriſtophero, *they draw a curtain where* Brachiano's *picture is; they put on ſpectacles of glaſs, which cover their eyes and noſes, and then burn perfumes afore the picture, and waſh the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their ſpectacles, they depart laughing.*

Enter Iſabella *in her night-gown as to bed-ward, with light after her,* Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio, *and others waiting on her; ſhe kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kiſſes it thrice; ſhe faints, and will not ſuffer them to come near it, dies: ſorrow expreſt in* Giovanni, *and in Count* Lodovico; *ſhe's conveyed out ſolemnly*

Bra. Excellent! then ſhe's dead. *Con.* She's poiſon'd
By the fum'd picture: 'twas her cuſtom, nightly,
Before ſhe went to bed, to go and viſit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead ſhadow: Doctor *Julio*
Obſerving this, infects it with an oyl,
And other poiſon'd ſtuff, which preſently
Did ſuffocate her ſpirits. *Bra.* Methought I ſaw

Count *Lodowick* there. *Con.* He was, and by my Art I find he did moſt paſſionately doat
Upon your Dutcheſs: now turn another way,
And view *Camillo*'s far more politick fate;
Strike louder muſick from this charmed ground,
To yield, as fits the Act, a Tragick ſound.

The Second Dumb Shew.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, *with four more, as Captains; they drink healths, and dance; a vaulting-horſe is brought into the room;* Marcello *and two more whiſper'd out of the room, while* Flamineo *and* Camillo *ſtript themſelves into their ſhirts, as to vault; they complement who ſhall begin: as* Camillo *is about to vault,* Flamineo *pitcheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the reſt, wriths his neck about, ſeems to ſee if it be broke, and laies him folded double, as 'twere, upon the horſe, makes ſhows to call for help;* Marcello *comes in, laments, ſends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men, wonder at the act, command the body to be carried home, apprehend* Flamineo, Marcello, *and the reſt, and go as 'twere to apprehend* Vittoria.

Bra. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumſtance
I taſte not fully. *Con.* O 'twas moſt apparent;
You ſaw them enter charg'd with their deep healths
To their boon Voyage; and, to ſecond that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting-horſe
Maintain their ſport. The virtuous *Marcello*
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilſt your eye ſaw the reſt, and can inform you
The engine of all. *Bra.* It ſeems *Marcello* and *Flamineo*
Are both committed. *Con.* Yes, you ſaw them guarded;
And now they are come with purpoſe to apprehend
Your Miſtreſs, fair *Vittoria*; we are now
Beneath her roof: 'twere fit we inſtantly
Make out by ſome back poſtern. *Bra.* Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you; this ſhall ſtand
As the firm ſeal annexed to my hand.
It ſhall inforce a payment. *Con.* Sir, I thank you. *Exit Brachiano.*
Both flowers and weeds ſpring, when the Sun is warm;
And Great men do great good, or elſe great harm. *Exit Conjurer.*

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Enter Franciſco, *and* Monticelſo, *their Chancellor, and Regiſter.*

Fra. You have dealt diſcreetly to obtain the preſence
Of all the grave Lieger Embaſſadors
To hear *Vittoria*'s trial. *Mon.* 'Twas not ill;
For, Sir, you know we have nought but circumſtances.
To charge her with, about her Husbands death;

Their

Their approbation therefore to the proofs
Of her black luſt ſhall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring Kingdoms: I wonder
If *Brachiano* will be here. *Fra.* O fie! 'twere impudence too palpable.

Enter Flamineo, *and* Marcello *guarded, and a Lawyer.*

Law. What, are you in by the week? ſo, I will try now whether thy wit be cloſe priſoner; methinks none ſhould ſit upon thy Siſter, but old Whore-maſters.

Fla. Or Cuckolds; for your Cuckold is your moſt terrible tickler of Letchery: Whore-maſters would ſerve; for none are Judges at Tilting, but thoſe that have been old Tilters.

Law. My Lord Duke and ſhe have been very private.

Fla. You are a dull Aſs; 'tis threatned they have been very publick.

Law. If it can be prov'd they have but kiſt one another.

Fla. What then? *Law.* My Lord Cardinal will Ferret them.

Fla. A Cardinal, I hope, will not catch Conies.

Law. For, to ſow Kiſſes, (mark what I ſay) to ſow Kiſſes is to reap Letchery; and I am ſure, a Woman that will endure kiſſing is half won.

Fla. True, her upper part by that rule; if you will win her nether part too, you know what follows.

Law. Heark, the Embaſſadors are alighted.

Fla. I do put on this feigned garb of mirth, *aſide.*
To gull ſuſpition.

Mar. O my unfortunate Siſter!
I would my Dagger-point had cleft her heart
When ſhe firſt ſaw *Brachiano:* you, 'tis ſaid,
Were made his Engine, and his ſtalking-horſe,
to undo my Siſter. *Fla.* I am a kind of path
To her, and mine own preferment. *Mar.* Your ruine.

Fla. Hum! thou art a Souldier,
Follow'ſt the great Duke, feed'ſt his Victories,
As Witches do their ſerviceable Spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood: what haſt got?
But, like the wealth of Captains, a poor handful,
Which in thy palm thou bear'ſt, as men hold water,
Seeking to gripe it faſt; the frail reward
Steals through thy fingers. *Mar.* Sir!

Fla. Thou haſt ſcarce maintenance
To keep thee in freſh ſhamoyes. *Mar.* Brother!

Fla. Hear me;
And thus when we have poured our ſelves
Into great fights, for their ambition,
Or idle ſpleen, how ſhall we find rewards?
But as we ſeldom find the Miſtle-toe,
Sacred to Phyſick, or the builder Oke,

With-

Without a Mandrake by it; so in our quest of gain:
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented Doctrine. *Mar.* Come, come.
Fla. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming Haw-thorn. *Mar.* Ile interrupt you.
For love of Virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride over every Politick respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect:
Were I your Father, as I am your Brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you *Enter Savoy.*
A better Patrimony, *Fla.* Ile think on't. The Lords Embassadors.
Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors over the Stage severally. Enter French Embassador.

Law. O, my spriteful Frenchman! do you know him? he's an admirable Tilter.

Fla. I saw him at last Tilting; he shewed like a pewter Candle-stick, fashion'd like a Man in Armor, holding a Tilting-staff in his hand little bigger then a Candle of twelve i'th pound.

Law. O, but he is an excellent Horseman.

Fla. A lame one in his lofty tricks; he sleeps a Horseback like a Poulter.

Law. Lo you, my *Spaniard!* *Enter English and Spanish.*

Fla. He carries his Face in's Ruff, as I have seen a Serving-man carry Glasses in a Cypress-hatband, monstrous steddy for fear of breaking: he looks like the Claw of a Black-bird, first salted, and then broiled in a Candle.

Exeunt.

The Arraignment of *Vittoria.*

Enter Francisco, Monticelso, *the six Lieger Embassadors,* Brachiano, Vittoria, *Lawyer, and a guard.*

Mon. Forbear, my Lord; here is no place assign'd you;
This business, by his Holiness, is left
To our examination.

Bra. May it thrive with you. *Lays a rich Gown under him.*

Fra. A Chair there for his Lordship.

Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch-women go to Church,
Bear their stool with them. *Mon.* At your pleasure, Sir;
Stand to the Table, Gentlewoman: now, Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Law. Domine Judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem Mulierum corruptissimam.

Vit. What's he?

Fra. A Lawyer, that pleads against you.

Vit. Pray, my Lord, let him speak his usual Tongue,
Ile make no Answer else. *Fra.* Why? you understand Latine.

Vit. I do, Sir: but amongst this Auditory

Which

Which come to hear my Cauſe, the half or more
May be ignorant in't. *Mon.* Go on, Sir.
Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my Accuſation clouded
In a ſtrange Tongue: All this Aſſembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with. *Fra.* Signior,
You need not ſtand on't much; pray, change your Language.
Mon. Oh, for God's ſake; Gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well then, have at you.
Vit. I am the mark, Sir; ile give aim to you,
And tell you how near you ſhoot.
Law. Moſt literated Judges, pleaſe your Lordſhips
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debauch'd, and diverſivolent Woman,
Who ſuch a concatenation
Of miſchief hath effected, that to extirpe
The memory of't, muſt be the conſummation
Of her, and her projections. *Vit.* What's all this?
Law. Hold your peace:
Exorbitant ſins muſt have exulceration.
Vit. Surely, my Lords, this Lawyer hath ſwallowed
Some Apothecaries Bills, or Proclamations;
And now the hard, and undigeſted Words,
Come up like Stones we uſe give Hawks for Phyſick.
Why, this is Welch to Latine. *Law.* My Lords, the Woman
Knows not her Tropes, nor is perfect
In the Academick derivation
Of Grammatical elocution. *Fra.* Sir, your pains
Shall be well ſpared, and your deep Eloquence
Be worthily applauded among thoſe
Which underſtand you. *Law.* My good Lord, *Fra.* Sir,
Put up your Papers in your Fuſtian-bag; *Franciſco ſpeaks this as in ſcorn.*
Cry mercy, Sir, 'tis Buck'ram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verboſity.
Law. I moſt graduatically thank your Lordſhip;
I ſhall have uſe for them elſewhere.
Mon. I ſhall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white,
Then that upon your cheek. *Vit.* O, you miſtake;
You raiſe a Blood as Noble in this Cheek
As ever was your Mothers.
Mon. I muſt ſpare you, till proof cry Whore to that:
Obſerve this Creature here, my honour'd Lords;
A Woman of a moſt prodigious ſpirit.

Vit. My honourable Lords,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus.
Mon. Oh, your Trade instructs your Language!
You see, my Lords, what goodly fruit she seems:
Yet, like those Apples Travellers report
To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* stood,
I will but touch her, and you strait shall see
She'l fall to soot and ashes.
Vit. Your invenom'd Apothecary should do't.
Mon. I am resolv'd,
Were there a second Paradise to lose,
This Devil would betray it. *Vit.* O poor Charity!
Thou art seldom found in Scarlet.
Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her Gates were choakt with Coaches, and her Rooms
Outbrav'd the Stars with several kind of Lights,
When she did counterfeit a Princes Court,
In Musick, Banquets, and most Riotous surfeits:
This Whore, forsooth, was holy.
Vit. Ha? Whore? what's that?
Mon. Shall I expound Whore to you? sure I shall;
Ile give their perfect character. They are, first,
Sweet-meats which rot the eater: In mans nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are cozning Alchymy;
Shipwracks in calmest weather. What are Whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that Nature had forgot the Spring.
They are the true material fire of Hell;
Worse then those Tributes the low Countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay even on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of Law
Which forfeit all a wretched mans estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are Whores?
They are those flatt'ring Bells have all one tune,
At weddings, and at funerals: your rich Whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And emptied by curst riot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at th'gallows,
And wrought upon by Surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a Whore?
She's like the gilt counterfeited coin,
Which who so ere first stamps, it brings in trouble
All that receive it. *Vit.* This character scapes me.

Mon.

Mon. You, Gentlewoman,
Take from all beasts, and from all minerals,
Their deadly poison. *Vit.* Well, what then? *Mon.* Ile tell thee,
Ile find in thee an Apothecaries shop
To sample them all. F. *Emb.* She hath lived ill.
E. *Emb.* True, but the Cardinal's too bitter.
Mon. You know a Whore is next the Devil; Adultery
Enters, the Devil and Murder. *Fra.* Your unhappy Husband
Is dead. *Vit.* O, he's a happy Husband;
Now he ows Nature nothing.
Fra. And by a vaulting engine. *Mon.* An active plot,
He jumpt into his grave. *Fra.* What a prodigy was't,
That from some two yards high a slender man
Should break his neck? *Mon.* Ith' rushes. *Fra.* And what's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Woond up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
Mon. And look upon this Creature was his Wife;
She comes not like a Widow; she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence. Is this a mourning habit?
Vit. Had I fore-known his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O, you are cunning.
Vit. You shame your wit, and judgement,
To call it so; what, is my just defence
By him that is my Judge call'd impudence?
Let me appeal then from this Christian Court
To the uncivil Tartar. *Mon.* See, my Lords,
She scandals our proceedings. *Vit.* Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy, and respected
Lieger Embassadors, my modesty
And woman-hood I tender; but withal
So intangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like *Perseus*,
Must personate Masculine virtue to the point;
Find me but guilty, sever head from body;
We'l part good friends; I scorn to hold my life
At yours, or any mans intreaty, Sir.
E. *Emb.* She hath a brave spirit.
Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit Jewels
Make true ones oft suspected. *Vit.* You are deceived;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this Mine of Diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break;
These are but feigned shadows of my evils;

Terrifie Babes, my Lord, with painted Devils;
I am past such needless palsie: for your names,
of VVhore and Murdress, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in's face.
Mon. Pray you, Mistress, satisfie me one question:
VVho lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night
Your Husband brake his neck? *Bra.* That question
Inforceth me break silence: I was there.
Mon. Your business? *Bra.* VVhy, I came to comfort her.
And take some course for setling her estate;
Because I had heard her Husband was in debt
To you, my Lord. *Mon.* He was.
Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cozen her. *Mon.* VVho made you Overseer?
Bra. VVhy, my Charity, my Charity, which should flow,
From every Generous and Noble Spirit,
To Orphans and to VVidows. *Mon.* Your lust.
Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
Ile talk with you hereafter;——Do you hear?
The Sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
Ile sheath in your own Bowels;
There are a number of thy Coat resemble
Your common Post-boys. *Mon.* Ha?
Bra. Your mercenary Post-boys:
Your Letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.
Ser. My Lord, your gown.
Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool.
Bestow't upon thy Master, that will challenge
The rest oth' household-stuff; for *Brachiano*
VVas ne're so beggarly, to take a stool
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on't; or a demy foot-cloth
For his most reverent moile, *Monticelso*;
Nemo me impune lacessit. *Exit Brachiano.*
Mon. Your Champion's gone.
Vit. The VVolf may prey the better.
Fra. My Lord, there's great suspition of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it: for my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody; if she have,
As in cold Countries Husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warm Blood manure them; even so,
One Summer she will bear unsavory Fruit,

And ere next Spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass; only descend
To matter of incontinence. *Vit.* I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.
Mon. Now the Duke's gone, I will produce a Letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you should meet
At an Apothecaries summer-house,
Down by the River *Tyber*: view't, my Lords:
Where, after wanton bathing, and the heat
Of a lascivious Banquet,———I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest. *Kit.* Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act,
Casta est quam nemo rogavit;
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer. *Mon.* Frost i'th dog-days! strange!
Vit. Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and chrystal river
For that some melancholick distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't. *Mon.* Truly drown'd indeed.
Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty, and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomack to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with:
In faith, my Lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble. *Mon.* Very good.
Vit. But take you your course; it seems you have beggar'd me first,
And now would fain undo me; I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of Cruzado's.
Would those would make you charitable. *Mon.* If the Devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.
Vit. You have one virtue left;
You will not flatter me. *Fra.* Who brought this Letter?
Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.
Mon. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand Duckets,
The twelfth of *August*. *Vit.* 'Twas to keep your Cousin
From prison; I paid use for't. *Mon.* I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who says so but your self? if you be my Accuser,
Pray cease to be my Judge; come from the Bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be Moderators: My Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.

After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
Ile give you a choke-pear. *Vit.* Of your own grafting?
Mon. You were born in *Venice*, honourably descended
From the *Vittelli*; 'twas my Cousins fate,
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you:
He bought you of your Father. *Vit.* Ha?
Mon. He spent there, in six moneths,
Twelve thousand Duckets, and (to my knowledg)
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one *Julio*:
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious Strumpet,
And so you have continued. *Vit.* My Lord.
Mon. Nay, hear me;
You shall have time to prate; —— my Lord *Brachiano*:
Alas, I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary, and Ryalto talk,
And ballated, and would be plaid oth' stage,
But that vice finds such loud friends,
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen, *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your Sureties,
For your appearance. *Fra.* I stand for *Marcello*.
Fla. And my Lord Duke for me.
Mon. For you, *Vittoria*, your publick fault,
Join'd to th' condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity:
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, then Blazing-stars
To Princes, hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of Converts; and your bawd.
Fla. Who, I? *Mon.* The *Moor*.
Fla. O, I am a sound man again.
Vit. A house of Converts, what's that?
Mon. A house of Penitent Whores.
Vit. Do the Noblemen in *Rome*
Erect it for their Wives, that I am sent
To lodge there? *Fra.* You must have patience.
Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus. *Mon.* Away with her,
Take her hence. *Vit.* A rape, a rape. *Mon.* How?
Vit. Yes, you have ravisht Justice,

Forc't

Forc't her to do your pleasure. *Mon.* Fie, she's mad.
Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw
Should bring you health, or while you sit oth' Bench,
Let your own spittle choke you. *Mon.* She's turn'd Fury.
Vit. That the last day of Judgement may find you,
And leave you the same Devil you were before;
Instruct me, some good Horse-leech, to speak Treason;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O Womans poor revenge,
Which dwells but in the tongue; I will not weep,
No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence,
Unto this house of, what's your mitigating Title?
Mon. Of Converts. *Vit.* It shall not be a house of Converts;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Then the Popes Palace, and more peaceable
Then my soul; though thou art a Cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness Diamonds spread their richest light. *Exit Vittoria.*

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter Brachiano.

Bra. Now you and I are friends, Sir, we'l shake hands,
In a friends grave, together, a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace t'attone our hatred.
Fra. Sir, what's the matter?
Bra. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd cheek;
You have lost too much already: Fare you well.
Fra. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretation?
Fla. Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the Dutchess's death: He carries it well; because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will feign a mad humour for the disgrace of my Sister, and that will keep off idle questions, Treasons tongue with a villanous palsie in't; I will talk to any man, hear no man; and, for a time, appear a politick mad-man. *aside.*

Enter Giovanni, and Count Lodovico.

Fra. How now, my Noble Cousin! What, in black?
Gio. Yes, Uncle; I was taught to imitate you
In virtue; and you must imitate me
In colours of your garments: my sweet Mother
Is. *Fra.* How? Where?
Gio. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, Sir, ile not tell you;
For I shall make you weep. *Fra.* Is dead.
Gio. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. *Lod.* She's dead, my Lord.

Fra.

Fra. Dead? *Mon.* Bleſſed Lady!
Thou art now above thy woes:
Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhips to withdraw a little?
Gio. What do the dead do, Uncle? do they eat?
Hear muſick, go a hunting, and be merry, as we that live?
Fra. No, Cuz; they ſleep.
Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I have not ſlept theſe ſix nights. When do they wake?
Fra. When God ſhall pleaſe.
Gio. Good God, let her ſleep ever;
For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow, where ſhe laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, Sir.
Ile tell you how they have uſed her now ſhe's dead:
They wrapt her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiſs her. *Fra.* Thou didſt love her.
Gio. I have often heard her ſay, ſhe gave me ſuck;
And it ſhould ſeem by that ſhe dearly lov'd me,
Since Princes ſeldom do it.
Fra. O, All my poor Siſter that remains!
Take him away, for God's ſake. *Mon.* How now, my Lord?
Fra. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave;
And I ſhall keep her bleſſed memory
Longer then thouſand Epitaphs. *Enter* Flamineo *diſtracted.*
Fla. We indure the ſtrokes like anvils, or hard ſteel,
Till pain it ſelf makes us no pain to feel.
Who ſhall do me right now? Is this the end of ſervice? Ide rather go weed Garlick; travel through *France*, and be mine own Oſtler; wear ſheep-skin Inings; or ſhoes that ſtink of blacking; be entred into the liſt of the forty thouſand Pedlars in *Poland*. *Enter Savoy.*
Would I had rotted in ſome Surgeons houſe at *Venice*, built upon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had ſerv'd *Brachiano*.
Sav. You muſt have comfort.
Fla. Your comfortable words are like honey; they relliſh in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded they go down as if the ſting of the Bee were in them. Oh, they have wrought their purpoſe cunningly, as if they would not ſeem to do it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the Devil, as the Devil imitates a Canon; whereſoever he comes to do miſchief, he comes with his backſide towards you. *Enter the French Embaſſador.*
Fre. The proofs are evident.
Fla. Proof! 'twas corruption. O God, what a God art thou! and, O Man, what a Devil art thou to be tempted by that curſed Mineral! Your diverſivolent Lawyer, mark him; Knaves turn Informers, as Maggots turn to Flies; you may catch Gudgeons with either. A Cardinal! I would he would hear me; there's nothing ſo holy, but money will corrupt and putrifie it, like Victuals

ctuals under the Line; You are happy in *England*, my Lord; here they ſell juſtice with thoſe weights they preſs men to death with. O horrible Sallary!

Eng. Fie, fie, *Flamineo.*

Fla. Bells ne're ring well, till they are at their full pitch;
And I hope, yon Cardinal ſhall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the Scaffold.

If they were rackt now, to know the Confederacy! But your Noblemen are priviledg'd from the rack: and well may; for a little thing would pull ſome of them a pieces, afore they came to their arraignment. Religion, oh how it is commedled with Policy! The firſt blood-ſhed in the world hapned about Religion. Would I were a Jew.

Mar. O, there are too many.

Fla. You are deceiv'd: There are not Jews enough, Prieſts enough, nor Gentlemen enough. *Mar.* How?

Fla. Ile prove it: For if there were Jews enough, ſo many Chriſtians would not turn Uſurers; if Prieſts enough, one ſhould not have ſix Benefices; and if Gentlemen enough, ſo many early Muſhrooms, whoſe beſt growth ſprang from a Dunghil, ſhould not aſpire to Gentility. Farewel: Let others live by begging, be thou one of them: Practiſe the art of *Wolnor* in *England*, to ſwallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again, as fellows that work in a ſaw-pit. Ile go hear the Scritch-owl. *Exit.*

Lod. This was *Brachiano*'s Pandar; and 'tis ſtrange
That in ſuch open, and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous Siſter, he dare utter
So ſcandalous a paſſion. I muſt wind him. *Enter* Flamineo.

Fla. How dares this baniſht Count return to *Rome*,
His pardon not yet purchaſt? I have heard
The deceaſt Dutcheſs gave him penſion,
And that he came along from *Padua*
I'th train of the young Prince. There's ſomewhat in't.
Phyſitians, that cure poiſons, ſtill do work
With counter-poiſons.

Mar. Mark this ſtrange encounter.

Fla. The God of melancholy turn thy gall to poiſon;
And let the ſtigmatick wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boiſtrous waves in a rough tide,
One ſtill overtake another. *Lod.* I do thank thee;
And I do wiſh ingeniouſly, for thy ſake,
The Dog-days all th' year long.

Fla. How croaks the Raven?
Is our good Dutcheſs dead? *Lod.* Dead. *Fla.* O Fate!
Misfortune comes like the Coroner's buſineſs,
Huddle upon huddle. *Lod.* Shall thou and I joyn houſe-keeping?

Fla. Yes, content.
Let's be unſociably ſociable.

Lod.

Lod. Sit some three days together, and discourse.
Fla. Only with making faces,
Lie in our clothes. *Lod.* With faggots for our pillows.
Fla. And be lousie.
Lod. In Taffata linings; that's Gentile melancholy,
Sleep all day. *Fla.* Yes; and like your melancholy Hare,
Feed after midnight.
We are observ'd: see how yon couple grieve.
Lod. What a strange creature is a laughing fool!
As if man were created to no use
But only to shew his teeth. *Fla.* Ile tell thee what,
It would do well, instead of looking-glasses,
To set ones face each morning by the sawcer
Of a witches congeal'd blood. *Lod.* Precious Rogue!
We'l never part. *Fla.* Never, till the beggary of Courtiers,
The discontent of Church-men, want of Souldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest felly
Of fortunes wheel, be taught, in our two lives. *Enter Antonelli, and Gaspare.*
To scorn that world which life of means deprives,
Ant. My Lord, I bring good news. The Pope on's death-bed,
At the earnest suit of the great Duke of *Florence*,
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you———
Lod. I thank you for your news. Look up again,
Flamineo, see my pardon. *Fla.* Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant. *Lod.* Why?
Fla. You shall not seem a happier man then I;
You know our vow, Sir; if you will be merry,
Do it ith' like posture, as if some great man
Sat while his enemy were executed:
Though it be very lerchery unto thee,
Do't with a sabby Politicians face.
Lod. Your Sister is a damnable Whore. *Fla.* Ha?
Lod. Look you; I spake that laughing.
Fla. Dost ever think to speak again?
Lod. Do you hear?
Wil't sell me forty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake? *Fla.* Poor Lord, you did vow
To live a lousie creature. *Lod.* Yes. *Fla.* Like one
That had for ever forfeited the day-light,
By being in debt. *Lod.* Ha, ha!
Fla. I do not greatly wonder you do break;
Your Lordship learnt long since. But ile tell you.
Lod. What? *Fla.* And't shall stick by you.
Lod. I long for it.

Fla.

Fla. This laughter ſcurvily becomes your face;
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*
See, now I laugh too.
Mar. You are too blame; ile force you hence.
Lod. Unhand me. *Exit Mar. & Fla.*
That ere I ſhould be forc't to right my ſelf
Upon a Pandar! *Ant.* My Lord!
Lod. H'had been as good met with his fiſt a thunder-bolt.
Gaſ. How this ſhews!
Lod. Uds'death, how did my ſword miſs him?
Theſe Rogues that are moſt weary of their lives
Still ſcape the greateſt dangers.
A pox upon him: all his Reputation,
Nay, all the Goodneſs of his Family,
Is not worth half this Earthquake;
I learnt it of no Fencer to ſhake thus;
Come, ile forget him, and go drink ſome Wine. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Enter Franciſco and Monticelſo.

Mon. Come, come, my Lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle looſe, as a brides hair.
Your Siſter's poiſon'd.
Fra. Far be it from my thoughts
To ſeek revenge.
Mon. What, are you turn'd all Marble?
Fra. Shall I defie him, and impoſe a War
Moſt burthenſome on my poor Subjects necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end,
You know? for all the Murders, Rapes, and Thefts,
Committed in the horrid luſt of War,
He that unjuſtly caus'd it firſt proceed,
Shall find it in his grave, and in his ſeed.
Mon. That's not the courſe I'de wiſh you: pray obſerve,
We ſee that undermining more prevails
Then doth the Cannon. Bear your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoiſe, let this Camel
Stalk o're your back unbruis'd: ſleep with the Lion;
And let this brood of ſecure fooliſh Mice
Play with your noſtrils, till the time be ripe
For th' bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning Fowler, cloſe one eye,
That you the better may your game eſpy.
Fra. Free me my innocence from treacherous acts;
I know there's thunder yonder: and ile ſtand,

Like a safe Valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring Mountain : since I know
Treason, like spiders, weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you possess a book,
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the City. *Mon.* Sir, I do;
And some there are who call it my black book:
Well may the title hold: for, though it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
The names of many Devils. *Fra.* Pray let's see it.
Mon. I'le fetch it to your Lordship.
Fra. Monticelso, *Exit Monticelso.*
I will not trust thee; but in all my plots
I'le rest as jealous as a Town besieg'd;
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act:
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again;
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.
Mon. 'Tis here, my Lord. *Enter Mont. presents Fra. with a book.*
Fra. First, your Intelligencers, pray let's see;
Their number rises strangely.
Mon. And some of them
You'd take them for honest men. The next are Panders;
These are your Pirates; and these following leaves
For base Rogues, that undo young Gentlemen
By taking up commodities; for politick Bankrupts;
For Fellows that are Bawds to their own Wives,
Only to put off Horses, and slight Jewels,
Clocks, defac't Plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first Children. *Fra.* Are there such?
Mon. These are impudent Bawds,
That go in mens apparel; for Usurers
That share with Scriveners, for their good reportage:
For Lawyers, that will ante-date their Deeds;
And some Divines you might find folded there;
But that I slip them o're for Conscience sake,
Here is a general Catalogue of Knaves;
A man might study all the Prisons o're,
Yet never attain this knowledge. *Fra.* Murderers:
Fold down the leaf, I pray:
Good my Lord, let me borrow this strange Doctrine.
Mon. Pray, use't my Lord.
Fra. I do assure your Lordship,

You

You are a worthy Member of the State,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these Offenders. *Mon.* Some what, Sir. *Fra.* O God!
Better then Tribute of Wolves paid in *England*.
'Twill hang their skins oth' hedge.
Mon. I must make bold
To leave your Lordsh'p. *Fra.* Dear Sir, I thank you;
If any ask for me at Court, report,
You have left me in the Company of Knaves. *Exit Monticelso.*
I gather now by this, some cunning Fellow
That's my Lord's Officer, one that lately skipt
From a Clerks Desk up to a Justices Chair,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intends,
As th' *Irish* Rebels were wont to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens:
Your poor Rogues pay for't, which have not means
To present bribes in fist; the rest oth' band
Are raz'd out of the Knaves record; or else,
My Lord he winks at them with easie will;
His man grows rich, the Knaves are the Knaves still.
But to the use ile make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any Villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtizans, it would furnish me;
Lawndres three Armies: That in so little paper
Should lie th' undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty Declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of Books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battels, and o'rethrows all good:
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead Sisters face:
Call for her picture? no; ile close mine eyes,
And in a melancholick thought ile frame
Her figure 'fore me. Now I hav't——how strong *Enter Isabella's Ghost.*
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me;
And by the quick Idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtil Juggler, makes us deem
Things supernatural, which yet have cause,
Common, as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy;
How cam'st thou by thy death? —— how idle am I
To question mine own idleness? ——— did ever
Man dream awake till now? — remove this object:

Out of my brain with't: what have I to do
With Tombs, or Death-beds, Funerals, or Tears,
That have to meditate upon Revenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old Wives ſtory:
States-men think often they ſee ſtranger ſights
Then Mad-men. Come, to this weighty buſineſs;
My Tragedy muſt have ſome idle mirth in't,
Elſe it will never paſs. I am in love,
In love with *Corombona*; and my ſuit
Thus halts to her in Verſe.——
I have done it rarely: O the fate of Princes! *He writes.*
I am ſo us'd to frequent flattery,
That being alone I now flatter my ſelf;
But it will ſerve, 'tis ſeal'd: Bear this *Enter Servant.*
To th' houſe of Converts; and watch your leiſure
To give it to the hands of *Corombona*,
Or to the Matron, when ſome Followers
Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away. *Exit Servant.*
He that deals all by ſtrength, his wit is ſhallow:
When a mans head goes through, each limb will follow.
The engine for my buſineſs, bold Count *Lodowick*;
'Tis Gold muſt ſuch an Inſtrument procure;
With empty fiſt no man doth Falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter:
Like the wild *Iriſh*, ile ne're think thee dead,
Till I can play at foot-ball with thy head.
Flectere ſi nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. *Exit Mont.*

ACTUS Quartus. SCENA Prima.

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

Mat. Should it be known the Duke hath ſuch recourſe,
To your impriſon'd Siſter, I were like
T'incur much dammage by it. *Fla.* Not a ſcruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other buſineſs
Then guarding of a Lady. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference
With the Matron. Let me ſpeak with you;
I would intreat you to deliver, for me,
This Letter to the fair *Vittoria*.
Mat. I ſhall, Sir.
Ser. With all care, and ſecrecie;
Hereafter you ſhall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courteſie. *Fla.* How now? what's that?
Mat. A Letter. *Fla.* To my Siſter! Ile ſee't deliver'd. *Enter Brachiano.*

Bra.

Bra. What's that you read, *Flamineo?* *Fla.* Look.
Bra. Ha! To the moſt unfortunate, his beſt reſpected, *Vittoria.*
Who was the Meſſenger? *Fla.* I know not.
Bra. No! Who ſent it?
Fla. Ud's foot, you ſpeak, as if a man
Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bake't meat
Afore you cut it up.
Bra. Ile open't, were't her heart. What's here ſubſcribed! *Florence!*
This jugling is groſs and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance: reade it, reade it.
Fl. *Your tears ile turn to triumphs, be but mine:*
Your prop is faln; I pity, that a Vine,
Which Princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting ſupporters, now ſhould fade and wither.
Wine i'faith, my Lord, with Lees, would ſerve his turn.
Your ſad impriſonment ile ſoon uncharm,
And with a Princely uncontrolled arm
Lead you to Florence, *where my love and care*
Shall hang your wiſhes in my ſilver hair.
A halter on his ſtrange equivocation.
Nor for my years return me the ſad willow,
Who prefer bloſſoms before fruit that's mellow.
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i'th bed-ſtraw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces;
The Gods never wax old, no more do Princes.
A pox on't, tear it, let's have no more Atheiſts, for God's ſake.
Bra. Ud's death, ile cut her into Atoms,
And let th' irregular North-wind ſweep her up,
And blow her int' his noſtrils. Where's this Whore?
Fla. What? what do you call her?
Bra. Oh, I could be mad;
Prevent the curſt diſeaſe ſhe'l bring me to;
And tear my hair off: Where's this changeable ſtuff?
Fla. O're head and ears in water, I aſſure you;
She is not for your wearing. *Bra.* You! Pandar!
Fla. What of me, my Lord? am I your dog?
Bra. A blood-hound: do you brave? do you ſtand me?
Fla. Stand you? let thoſe that have diſeaſes, run;
I need no plaiſter. *Bra.* Would you be kickt?
Fla. Would you have your neck broke?
I tell you, Duke, I am not in *Ruſſia*;
My ſhins muſt be kept whole. *Bra.* Do you know me?
Fla. O my Lord! methodically.
As in this World there are degrees of Evils;
So in this World there are degrees of Devils.

You'r a great Duke: I your poor Secretary.
I do look now for a Spaniſh fig, or an Italian ſallet dayly.

Bra. Pander, ply your Convoy, and leave your prating.

Fla. All your kindneſs to me is like that miſerable courteſie of *Polyphemus* to *Ulyſſes*; you reſerve me to be devour'd laſt: you would dig Turfs out of my Grave to feed your Larks; that would be muſick to you. Come, ile lead you to her.

Bra. Do you face me?

Fla. O Sir, I would not go before a Politick enemy with my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

Bra. Can you read, Miſtreſs? look upon that Letter:
There are no Characters, nor Hieroglyphicks.
You need no comment, I am grown your receiver;
Gods precious, you ſhall be a brave great Lady;
A ſtately, and advanced Whore. *Vit.* Say, Sir?

Bra. Come, come, let's ſee your Cabinet; diſcover
Your treaſury of Love-letters. Death and Furies!
Ile ſee them all. *Vit.* Sir, upon my ſoul
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Bra. Confuſion on your Politick ignorance!
You are reclaimed, are you? Ile give you the bells,
And let you flie to the Devil. *Fla.* 'Ware Hawk, my Lord.

Vit. Florence! This is ſome treacherous plot, my Lord;
To me he nere was lovely, I proteſt,
So much as in my ſleep. *Bra.* Right! they are plots.
Your beauty! O, ten thouſand curſes on't:
How long have I beheld the Devil in Chriſtal!
Thou haſt lead me, like an Heathen ſacrifice,
With Muſick, and with fatal yokes of Flowers,
To my Eternal ruine: Woman to Man
Is either a God, or a Wolf. *Vit.* My Lord! *Bra.* Away.
We'l be as differing as two Adamants;
The one ſhall ſhun the other. What! do'ſt weep?
Procure but ten of thy diſſembling trade,
We'l furniſh all the Iriſh funerals
With howling, paſt wild Iriſh. *Fla.* Fie, my Lord.

Bra. That hand! that curſed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kiſſes! O my ſweeteſt Dutcheſs!
How lovely art thou now! my looſe thoughts
Scatter like quick-ſilver; I was bewitch'd:
For all the world ſpeaks ill of thee. *Vit.* No matter;
Ile live ſo now, ile make that world recant,
And change her ſpeeches. You did name your Dutcheſs.

Bra. Whoſe death God pardon.

Vit.

Vit. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless Duke. *Fla.* Now for the whirlwinds.
Vit. What have I gain'd by thee, but infamy?
Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble society:
Like those, who sick oth' Palsie, and retain
Ill-scenting Foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this House?
Is this your Palace? did not the Judge style it
A House of Penitent Whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance *Vittoria*
To this Incontinent College? is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag,
How many Ladies you have undone, like me.
Fare you well, Sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off: and now ile go
Weeping to Heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sins: O that I could toss my self
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
Ile not shed one tear more———Ile burst first.
Bra. I have drunk Lethe:
Vittoria! My dearest happiness! *Vittoria!*
What do you ail, my Love? why do you weep?
Vit. Yes, I now weep poniards, do you see?
Bra. Are not those matchless eyes, mine? *Vit.* I had rather
They were not matchless. *Bra.* Is not this lip, mine?
Vit. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather then give it thee.
Fla. Turn to my Lord, good Sister.
Vit. Hence, you Pandar.
Fla. Pandar! Am I the author of your sin?
Vit. Yes: he's a base thief that a thief lets in.
Fla. We're blown up, my Lord.
Bra. Wilt thou hear me?
Once to be jealous of thee, is t'express
That I will love thee everlastingly,
And never more be jealous. *Vit.* O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much oregrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy Whore? for that,
In the seas bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire. *Fla.* O, no Oaths, for God's sake.
Br. Will you hear me? *Vit.* Never.

She throws her self upon a bed.

Fla.

Fla. What a damn'd impoſtume is a Womans will,
Can nothing break it? fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoiſes,
She muſt be turn'd on her back. Siſter, by this hand
I am on your ſide. Come, come, you have wrong'd her.
What a ſtrange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To think the Duke of *Florence* would love her?
Will any Mercer take anothers ware
When once 'tis tows'd and ſullied? And yet, Siſter,
How ſcurvily this frowardneſs becomes you!
Young Leverets ſtand not long, and Womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little ſport:
A full cry for a quarter of an hour;
And then be put to th' dead ſquat. *Bra.* Shall theſe eyes,
Which have ſo long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out? *Fla.* No cruel Land-Lady i'th World,
Which lends forth groats to Broom-men, and takes uſe for them,
Would do't.
Hand her, my Lord, and kiſs her: be not like
A Ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.
Bra. Let us renew right hands. *Vit.* Hence.
Bra. Never ſhall rage, or the forgetful Wine,
Make me commit like fault.
Fla. Now you are i'th way on't, follow't hard.
Bra. Be thou at peace with me; let all the world
Threaten, I care not. *Fla.* Mark his penitence:
Beſt natures do commit the groſſeſt faults,
When they're given o're to jealouſie: as beſt Wine
Dying, makes ſtrongeſt Vinegar. Ile tell you;
The Sea's more rough and raging then calm Rivers,
But not ſo ſweet, nor wholſome. A quiet Woman
Is like a ſtill water under *London-Bridge*;
A man may ſhoot her ſafely. *Vit.* O ye diſſembling men!
Fla. We ſuckt that, Siſter, from Womens breſts, in our firſt infancy.
Vit. To add miſery to miſery! *Bra.* Sweeteſt!
Vit. Am I not low enough?
I, I, your good heart gathers like a ſnow-ball,
Now your affection's cold. *Fla.* Ud's foot, it ſhall melt
To a heart again, or all the Wine in *Rome*
Shall run oth' Lees for't.
Vit. Your dog, or hawk, ſhould be rewarded better
Then I have been: Ile ſpeak not one word more.
Fla. Stop her mouth
With a ſweet kiſs, my Lord.
So, now the Tide's turn'd, the Veſſel's come about;

He's

He's a ſweet armful. O we curld-hair'd Men
Are ſtill moſt kind to Women. This is well.
Bra. That you ſhould chide thus!
Fla. O, Sir, your little Chimneys
Do ever caſt the moſt ſmoke. I ſweat for you;
Couple together with as deep a ſilence,
As did the *Grecians* in their wooden horſe.
My Lord, ſupply your promiſes with deeds;
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.
Bra. Stay, ingrateful *Rome!*
Fla. Rome! it deſerves to be call'd *Barbary*, for our villanous uſage.
Bra. Soft; the ſame project which the Duke of *Florence*
(Whether in Love or Gullery I know not)
Laid down for her eſcape, will I purſue.
Fla. And no time fitter then this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclave, for th'electing a new Pope;
The City in a great confuſion;
We may attire her in a Pages ſuit,
Lay her poſt-horſe, take ſhipping, and amain
For *Padua.*
Bra. Inſtantly ſteal forth the Prince *Giovanni*,
And make for *Padua.* You two, with your old Mother,
And young *Marcello* that attends on *Florence*,
If you can work him to it, follow me;
I will advance you all: for you, *Vittoria*,
Think of a Dutcheſſes title. *Fla.* Lo you, Siſter.

Stay, my Lord; ile tell you a Tale. The Crocodile, which lives in the River *Nilus*, hath a Worm breeds i'th Teeth of't, which puts it to extream anguiſh: a little Bird, no bigger then a Wren, is Barber-ſurgeon to this Crocodile; flies into the Jaws of't, picks out the Worm, and brings preſent Remedy. The Fiſh, glad of eaſe, but ingrateful to her that did it, that the Bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, cloſeth her chaps, intending to ſwallow her, and ſo put her to perpetual ſilence. But Nature, loathing ſuch ingratitude, hath arm'd this Bird with a quill or prick on the head top, which wounds the Crocodile i'th mouth, forceth her open her bloody priſon, and away flies the pretty Tooth-picker from her cruel Patient.

Bra. Your application is; I have not rewarded
The ſervice you have done me. *Fla.* No, my Lord:
You, Siſter, are the Crocodile; you are blemiſht in your fame: my Lord cures it. And though the compariſon hold not in every particular; yet obſerve, remember what good the Bird with the prick i'th head hath done you; and ſcorn ingratitude.
It may appear to ſome ridiculous,
Thus to talk Knave and Mad-man; and ſometimes

Come in with a dri'd sentence, stuft with sage.
But this allows my varying of shapes,
Knaves do grow great by being great mens Apes. *Exeunt*

Act. 4. Scen. 2.

Enter Franciſco, Lodovico, Gaſparo, *and six Embaſſadors.*

Fra. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the Conclave, and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the Cardinals.
Lod. I shall, my Lord: room for the Embassadors.
Gas. They're wondrous brave to day: why do they wear
These several habits? *Lod.* O, Sir, they're Knights
Of several Orders.
That Lord i'th black Cloke, with the silver Cross,
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next, Knight of St. *Michael*;
That, of the *Golden Fleece*; the *French man* there,
Knight of the *Holy Ghost*; my Lord of *Savoy*,
Knight of th' *Annuntiation*; the *English man*
Is Knight of th' *Honour'd Garter*, dedicated
Unto their Saint, St. *George*. I could describe to you
Their several Institutions, with the Laws
Annexed to their Orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.
Fra. Count *Lodowick!* *Lod.* My Lord!
Fra. 'Tis oth' point of dinner time:
Marshal the Cardinals service. *Lod.* Sir, I shall. *Enter Servants with*
Stand, let me search your dish: who's this for? *several dishes covered.*
Ser. For my Lord Cardinal *Monticelso*.
Lod. Whose this?
Ser. For my Lord Cardinal of *Burbon*.
Eng. Why doth he search the dishes? to observe
What meat is drest? *Fra.* No, Sir; but to prevent
Lest any Letters should be conveyed in,
To bribe, or to sollicite the advancement
Of any Cardinal: when first they enter,
'Tis lawful for the Embassadors of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a general election,
No man may speak with them.
Lod. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands.
A Car. You must return the service; the Lord Cardinas
Are busied about electing of the Pope;
They have given o're scrutiny, and are faln

To

To admiration. *Lod.* Away, away.
Fra. Ile lay a thousand Duckets you hear news — *A Cardinal on the Tarras.*
Of a Pope presently; hark, surely he's elected:
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appears
On the Church-battlements.
Arragon. Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum; Reverendissimus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso *electus est in sedem Apostolicam, & elegit sibi nomen* Paulum *quartum.*
Omnes. Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus *quartus.* — *Enter Servant.*
Ser. Vittoria, my Lord.
Fra. Well; what of her? *Ser.* Is fled the City. *Fra.* Ha?
Ser. With Duke *Brachiano*. *Fra.* Fled? Where's the Prince *Giovanni*.
Ser. Gone with his Father.
Fra. Let the Matron of the Converts
Be apprehended: Fled? O damnable!
How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this
I only labour'd. I did send the Letter
T'instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond Duke,
I first have poison'd; directed thee the way
To marry a whore; what can be worse? this follows,
The hand must act, to drown the passionate tongue;
I scorn to wear a sword, and prate of wrong.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Enter Monticelso *in State.*

Mon. Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem, & remissionem peccatorum.
My Lord reports *Vittoria Corombona*
Is stolen from forth the House of Converts
By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the City.
Now, though this be the first day of our seat,
We cannot better please the Divine Power,
Then to sequester from the holy Church
These cursed Persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounce Excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in *Rome*
We likewise banish. Set on. — *Exeunt.*
Fra. Come, dear *Lodovico*;
You have ta'ne the Sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended Murther. *Lod.* With all constancy.
But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your self
In person, being a great Prince. *Fra.* Divert me not:
Most of his Court are of my faction,
And some are of my Council. Noble Friend,
Our danger shall be like in this design;
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine. — *Exit Francisco.*

Mon. Why did the Duke of *Florence* with such care *Enter Monticelso.*
Labour your pardon? say.
Lod. Italian Beggars will resolve you that;
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of
Do good for their own sakes: or't may be
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand;
Like Kings, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.
Mon. I know you'r cunning. Come, what Devil is that
That you are railing? *Lod.* Devil, my Lord?
Mon. I ask you,
How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement unto his knee,
When he departed from you? *Lod.* Why, my Lord,
He told me of a resty *Barbary* horse
Which he would fain have brought to the carreer,
The 'sault, and the ring-galliard. Now, my Lord,
I have a rare French rider. *Mon.* Take you heed,
Lest the Jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks?—— Sirrah, you lye.
O, thou'rt a fowl black cloud, and thou do'st threat
A violent storm. *Lod.* Storms are i'th air, my Lord;
I am too low to storm. *Mon.* Wretched Creature!
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
Like Dogs, that once get blood, they'l ever kill.
About some Murther? was't not? *Lod.* Ile not tell you:
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
Marry, with this preparation. Holy Father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a Penitent Sinner. What I utter
Is in Confession meerly; which you know
Must never be reveal'd. *Mon.* You have o'reta'ne me.
Lod. Sir, I did love *Brachiano*'s Dutchess dearly;
Or rather, I pursu'd her with hot lust,
Though she ne're knew on't. She was poison'd;
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn
T'avenge her murther. *Mon.* To the Duke of *Florence*?
Lod. To him I have. *Mon.* Miserable Creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Do'st thou imagine, thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or like the black and melancholy Ewe-tree,
Do'st think to root thy self in dead mens graves,
And yet to prosper? instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-hardned ground;

They

They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy Penitence thou remove this Evil,
In conjuring from thy breſt that cruel Devil. *Exit Mont.*

Lod. Ile give it o're; he says 'tis damnable:
Beſides, I did expect his ſuffrage,
By reaſon of *Camillo*'s death. *Enter Servant and Franciſco.*

Fra. Do you know that Count? *Ser.* Yes, my Lord.

Fra. Bear him theſe thouſand Duckets to his lodging;
Tell him the Pope hath ſent them. Haply
That will confirm more then all the reſt. *Ser.* Sir!

Lod. To me, Sir.

Ser. His Holineſs hath ſent you a thouſand Crowns;
And wills you, if you travel, to make him
Your Patron for Intelligence. *Lod.* His Creature ever to be commanded.
Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me;
And yet theſe Crowns were told out, and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyage. O the Art,
The modeſt Form of Greatneſs! that do ſit
Like Brides at Wedding-dinners, with their looks turn'd
From the leaſt wanton jeſt, their puling ſtomack
Sick of the modeſty, when their thoughts are looſe,
Even acting of thoſe hot and luſtful ſports
Are to enſue about mid-night: ſuch his cunning!
He ſounds my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I'm doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of blood;
There's but three Furies found in ſpacious Hell;
But in a Great mans breſt three thouſand dwell.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

A paſſage over the Stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortenſio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche, *and others.*

Fla. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day ne're broke up till now. This marriage
Confirms me happy. *Hor.* 'Tis a good aſſurance.
Saw you not yet the Moor that's come to Court?

Fla. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Duke's cloſet;
I have not ſeen a goodlier perſonage,
Nor ever talkt with man better experienc't
In State-affairs, or rudiments of War.
He hath, by report, ſerv'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy*, theſe twice ſeven years, and been chief
In many a bold deſign. *Hor.* What are thoſe two
That bear him company?

Fla. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that living in the Emperors ſervice as Com-

Commanders, eight years since; contrary to the expectation of all the Court, entred into Religion, into the strict Order of Capuchins: but being not well setled in their undertaking, they left their Order, and returned to Court: for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*, were there Knighted, and in their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchins in *Padua*.

Hor. 'Tis strange.

Fla. One thing makes it so. They have vowed for ever to wear next their bare bodies those coats of male they served in.

Hor. Hard penance.
Is the Moor a Christian? *Fla.* He is.

Hor. Why proffers he his service to our Duke?

Fla. Because he understands, there's like to grow
Some war between us and the Duke of *Florence*;
In which he hopes employment.
I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command; nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing, or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. He talks
As if he had travell'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendom; in all things strives t'express,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like Glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But lookt to near, have neither heat, nor light.
The Duke.———

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Enter Brachiano, Florence *disguised like* Mulinassar; Lodovico, Antonelli, Gasparo, *bearing their swords and helmets.*

Bra. You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full
Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave *Mulinassar*, we assign
A compleat pension: and are only sorry,
The vows of those two worthy Gentlemen
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty.
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords,
For Monuments, in our Chappel. I accept it,
As a great honour done me; and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our Dutchess revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e're shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night;
You shall have private standings: It hath pleas'd
The great Embassadors of several Princes

In

In their return from *Rome* to their own Countries,
To grace our marriage, and to honour me
With such a kind of sport. *Fra.* I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord.
Set on there to the presence. *Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, & Marcello.*
Lod. My noble Lord, most fortunately welcome. *The Conspirators here imbrace.*
You have our vows seal'd with the Sacrament
To second your attempts. *Gas.* And all things ready.
He could not have invented his own ruine
(Had he despair'd) with more dexterity.
Lod. You would not take my way.
Fra. 'Tis better order'd.
Lod. T'have poison'd his Prayer-book, or a pair of Beads;
The Pummel of his Saddle, his Looking-glass,
Or th'handle of his Racket: O that, that!
That while he had been bandying at Tennis,
He might have sworn himself to Hell, and strook
His Soul into the hazard! O my Lord!
I would have our plot be ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow from it. *Fra.* There's no way
More speeding than this thought on. *Lod.* On then.
Fra. And yet methinks, that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a Thief,
To have ta'ne him by the Cask in a pitcht field,
Led him to *Florence! Lod.* It had been rare—— And there
Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking Garlick,
T'have shewn the sharpness of his Government,
And rankness of his lust——But, peace; *Exeunt Lodovico, & Antonelli.*
Flamineo comes. *Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.*
Mar. Why doth this Devil haunt you? say.
Fla. I know not:
For (by this light) I do not conjure for her:
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think
To raise the Devil, here's one up already;
The greatest cunning were to lay him down.
Mar. She is your shame. *Fla.* I prethee pardon her.
In faith, you see, Women are like to burs;
Where their affection throws them, there they'l stick.
Zan. That is my Country-man, a goodly person;
When he's at leisure ile discourse with him
In our own language. *Fla.* I beseech you do. *Exit Zanche.*
How is't, brave Souldier? O that I had seen
Some of your Iron-days! I pray, relate
Some of your service to us.

Fra.

Fra. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own Chronicle; I did never waſh my mouth with mine own praiſe, for fear of getting a ſtinking breath.

Mar. You'r too Stoical. The Duke will expect other diſcourſe from you.

Fra. I ſhall never flatter him; I have ſtudied man too much to do that: What difference is between the Duke and I? no more then between two Bricks, all made of one Clay: Only't may be, one is plac't on the top of a Turret; the other in the bottom of a Well, by meer chance: if I were plac't as high as the Duke, I ſhould ſtick as faſt, make as fair a ſhew, and bear out weather equally.

Fla. If this Souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then he would tell them ſtories. *Mar.* I have been a Souldier too.

Fra. How have you thriv'd? *Mar.* Faith, poorly.

Fra. That's the miſery of peace; only outſides are then reſpected. As Ships ſeem very great upon the River, which ſhew very little upon the Seas: ſo ſome men i'th Court ſeem *Coloſſuſſes*, in a Chamber; who if they came into the Field, would appear pitiful Pigmies.

Fla. Give me a fair room yet hung with Arras, and ſome great Cardinal to lug me by th'ears, as his endeared Minion.

Fra. And thou may'ſt do the Devil knows what villany.

Fla. And ſafely.

Fra. Right; you ſhall ſee in the Country, in Harveſt-time, Pidgeons, though they deſtroy never ſo much Corn, the Farmer dares not preſent the Fowling-piece to them; why? becauſe they belong to the Lord of the Manor; whilſt your poor Sparrows, that belong to the Lord of Heaven, they go to the pot for't.

Fla. I will now give you ſome Politick inſtructions. The Duke ſays, he will give you a Penſion; that's but bare promiſe: get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come from ſerving againſt the Turk, for three or four moneths they have had Penſion to buy them new wooden legs, and freſh plaiſters; but after 'twas not to be had. And this miſerable courteſie ſhews, as if a Tormenter ſhould give hot Cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'th Rack, only to fetch the miſerable ſoul again to endure more Dog-days.

Enter Hortenſio, a Courtier, and Zanche.

How now, Gallants? what, are they ready for the Barriers?

Court. Yes: the Lords are putting on their Armour.

Hor. What's he?

Fla. A new Up-ſtart: One that ſwears like a Falconer, and will lye in the Duke's ear day by day like a maker of Almanacks: And yet I knew him ſince he came to th' Court ſmell worſe of ſweat, then an under-Tennis-court-keeper.

Hor. Look you, yonder's your ſweet Miſtreſs.

Fla. Thou art my ſworn Brother: ile tell thee, I do love that *Moor*, that Witch, very conſtrainedly; ſhe knows ſome of my villany: I do love her juſt as a man holds a Wolf by the ears; but for turning upon me, and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the Devil.

Hor.

Hor. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Fla. Faith, I made her some such dark promise; and in seeking to flie from't, I run on, like a frighted Dog with a bottle at's tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him. Now, my precious Gipsie!

Zan. I, your love to me rather cools then heats.

Fla. Marry, I am the sounder lover; we have many Wenches about the Town heat too fast.

Hor. What do you think of these perfum'd Gallants then?

Fla. Their Sattin cannot save them. I am confident,
They have a certain spice of the Disease;
For they that sleep with Dogs shall rise with Fleas.

Zan. Believe it! A little painting, and gay clothes,
Make you love me.

Fla. How? love a Lady for painting, or gay apparel? ile unkennel one example more for thee. *Æsop* had a foolish Dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow; I would have Courtiers to be better *Divers*.

Zan. You remember your Oaths.

Fla. Lovers Oaths are like Mariners Prayers, utter'd in extremity; but when the Tempest is o're, and that the Vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking: And yet amongst Gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shoe-makers and *Westphalia*-Bacon; they are both drawers on: for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now then the morality of yon sunburnt Gentleman? *Enter Cornelia.*

Cor. Is this your pearch, you Haggard? flie to th'Stews.

Fla. You should be clapt by th'heels now: strike i'th Court?

Zan. She's good for nothing but to make her Maids
Catch cold a nights; they dare not use bed-staves
For fear of her light fingers. *Mar.* You're a Strumpet;
An impudent one. *Fla.* Why do you kick her? say.
Do you think that she's like a Walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel'd ere she bear good fruit?

Mar. She brags that you shall marry her. *Fla.* What then?

Mar. I had rather she were pitcht upon a stake
In some new-seeded Garden, to affright
Her fellow Crows thence. *Fla.* You're a Boy, a Fool;
Be Guardian to your Hound; I am of age.

Mar. If I take her near you, ile cut her throat.

Fla. With a fan of feathers? *Mar.* And for you, ile whip
This folly from you. *Fla.* Are you cholerick?
Ile purg't with Rubarb. *Hor.* O, your Brother. *Fla.* Hang him.
He wrongs me most that ought t'offend me least:
I do suspect, my Mother plaid foul play
When she conceiv'd thee. *Mar.* Now by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughter'd Sons of *Oedipus*,

The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Thoſe words ile make thee anſwer
With thy heart-blood. *Fla* Do; like the geſs in the progreſs,
You know where you ſhall find me. *Mar.* Very good: *Exit Flam.*
And thou be'it a noble Friend, bear him my Sword,
And bid him fit the length on't. *Court.* Sir, I ſhall.
Zan. He comes. Hence petty thought of my diſgrace, *Enter Franciſco.*
I ne're lov'd my complexion till now,
'Cauſe I may boldly ſay, without a bluſh, *Exeunt all but Zanche.*
I love you. *Fra.* Your love is untimely ſown;
There's a Spring at *Michaelmas*, but 'tis but a faint one: I am ſunk
In years; and I have vowed never to marry.
Zan. Alas! poor Maids get more Lovers then Husbands:
Yet you may miſtake my Wealth. For, as when Embaſſadors are ſent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly ſent along with them a Rich preſent; ſo that though the Prince like not the Embaſſadors perſon, nor words, yet he likes well of the preſentment: So I may come to you in the ſame manner, and be better lov'd for my Dowry. then my Virtue.
Fra. Ile think on the motion.
Zan. Do, ile now detain you no longer. At your better leiſure.
Ile tell you things ſhall ſtartle your blood:
Nor blame me that this paſſion I reveal;
Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.
Fra. Of all intelligence, this may prove the beſt;
Sure I ſhall draw ſtrange fowl from this foul neſt. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scen. 6.

Enter Marcello, *and* Cornelia.

Cor. I hear a whiſpering all about the Court
You are to fight; who is your oppoſite?
What is the quarrel? *Mar.* 'Tis an idle rumor.
Cor. Will you diſſemble? ſure you do not well
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are moſt angry. I do charge you
Upon my bleſſing; nay, ile call the Duke,
And he ſhall ſchool you. *Mar.* Publiſh not a fear
Which would convert to laughter; 'tis not ſo.
Was not this Crucifix my Fathers? *Cor.* Yes.
Mar. I have heard you ſay, giving my Brother ſuck,
He took the Crucifix between his hands, *Enter Flamineo.*
And broke a limb off. *Cor.* Yes; but 'tis mended.
Fla. I have brought your weapon back. *Flamineo runs*
Cor. Ha, O my horrour! *Marcello through.*
Mar. You have brought it home indeed.
Cor. Help, oh he's murder'd.

Fla,

Fla. Do you turn your gill up? Ile to Sanctuary, *Exit Flamineo.*
And send a Surgeon to you. *Hor.* How? o'th' ground? *Enter Hort.*
Mar. O Mother, now remember what I told,
Of breaking of the Crucifix; farewel:
There are some sins, which Heaven doth duly punish
In a whole Family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means. Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steedy foot,
Whose branches spread no wider then the root.
Cor. O my perpetual sorrow! *Hor.* Virtuous *Marcello!*
He's dead: pray leave him, Lady; come, you shall.
Cor. Alas! he is not dead, he's in a trance.
Why here's nobody shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him again, for God's sake. *Hor.* I would you were deceiv'd.
Cor. O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me. How many have gone away thus, for lack of tendance? rear up's head, rear up's head; his bleeding inward will kill him.
Hor. You see he is departed.
Cor. Let me come to him; give me him as he is, if he be turn'd to earth; let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one Coffin: fetch a Looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips; will you lose him for a little pains taking?
Hor. Your kindest office is to pray for him.
Cor. Alas! I would not pray for him yet: he may live to lay me i'th ground, and pray for me, if you'l let me come to him.
Enter Brachiano *all armed, save the Bever; with* Flamineo, *and Page.*
Bra. Was this your handy-work?
Fla. It was my misfortune.
Cor. He lyes, he lyes, he did not kill him: these have kill'd him, that would not let him be better lookt to.
Bra. Have comfort, my griev'd Mother.
Cor. O yon Scritch-owl! *Hor.* Forbear, good Madam.
Cor. Let me go, let me go. *She runs to* Flamineo *with her knife drawn, and coming to him, lets it fall.*
The God of Heaven forgive thee. Do'st not wonder
I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason,
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I'de not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well,
Half of thy self lies there: and may'st thou live,
To fill an Hour-glass with his mouldred ashes,
To tell, how thou should'st spend the time to come,
In blest Repentance. *Bra.* Mother, pray tell me,
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?
Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his man-hood; gave him bitter words;

Drew his ſword firſt; and ſo, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Juſt in my boſome. *Page.* This is not true, Madam.
Cor. I pray thee, peace.
One arrow's graz'd already; it were vain
T'loſe this, for that will ne're be found again.
Bra. Go, bear the body to *Cornelia's* lodging:
And we command, that none acquaint our Dutcheſs
With this ſad accident. For you, *Flamineo*,
Heark you, I will not grant your pardon. *Fla.* No!
Bra. Only a leaſe of your life. And that ſhall laſt
But for one day. Thou ſhalt be forc't each evening to renew it, or be hang'd.
Fla. At your pleaſure. *Enter* Lod. *and* Fra.
Lodovico *ſprinkles* Brachiano's *Bever with Poiſon.*
Your will is law now, ile not meddle with it.
Bra. You once did brave me in your Siſters lodging;
Ile now keep you in awe for't. Where's our Bever?
Fra. He calls for his deſtruction. Noble Youth,
I pity thy ſad fate: now to the Barriers.
This ſhall his paſſage to the black lake further;
The laſt good deed he did, he pardon'd Murther. *Exeunt.*
Charges and ſhoots, they fight at Barriers; firſt ſingle pairs, then three to three.

ACTUS Quintus. SCENA Prima.

Enter Brachiano *and* Flamineo, *with others.*

Bra. An Armorer? ud's death, an Armorer?
Fla. Armorer; where's the Armorer?
Bra. Tear off my Bever. *Fla.* Are you hurt, my Lord?
Bra. O, my brain's on fire. *Enter Armorer.*
The Helmet is poiſon'd. *Arm.* My Lord, upon my ſoul.
Bra. Away with him to torture.
There are ſome great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me. *Vit.* O my lov'd Lord, poiſon'd? *Enter Vittoria.*
Fla. Remove the bar: here's unfortunate revels.
Call the Phyſitians: a plague upon you; *Enter two Phyſitians.*
We have too much of your cunning here already.
I fear the Embaſſadors are likewiſe poiſon'd.
Bra. Oh! I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou ſtrong heart!
There's ſuch a cov'nant 'twixt the world and it,
They're loath to break. *Gio.* O my moſt lov'd Father! *Enter Giovan.*
Bra. Remove the Boy away:
Where's this good Woman? had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee. Muſt I leave thee?
What ſay you, Scrietch-owl? is the venome mortal?

Phy.

Phy. Most deadly. *Bra.* Most corrupted politick Hangman!
You kill without book; but your art to save
fails you as oft as great mens needy friends.
I that have given life to offending Slaves,
And wretched Murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelve-month?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee. To *Vittoria.*
This unction is sent from the great Duke of *Florence.*
Fra. Sir, be of comfort.
Bra. O thou soft natural death, that art joynt-twin
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded Comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull Owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse Wolf
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy coarse,
Whil'st horror waits on Princes. *Vit.* I am lost for ever.
Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die,
'Mongst women howling! What are those? *Fla. Franciscans.*
They have brought the Extream-unction.
Bra. On pain of death, let no man name death to me;
It is a word infinitely terrible:
Withdraw into our Cabinet. *Exeunt omnes, præter* Francisc.
Fla. To see what solitarines is about dying Princes! As heretofore they have unpeopl'd Towns, divorc't Friends, and made great Houses unhospitable: so now, O justice! where are their Flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadows of Princes bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.
Fra. There's great moan made for him.
Fla. 'Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most plentifully in every Office o'th Court. But believe it, most of them do but weep as over their Step-mothers grave.
Fra. How mean you?
Fla. Why? They dissemble, as some men do that live within compass o'th verge.
Fra. Come, you have thriv'd well under him.
Fla. 'Faith, like a wolf in a womans brest; I have been fed with poultry: but for money, understand me, I had as good a will to couzen him, as e're an Officer of them all; but I had not cunning enough to do it.
Fra. What didst thou think of him? 'faith, speak freely.
Fla. He was a kind of States-man, that would sooner have reckon'd how many Cannon-bullets he had discharg'd against a Town, to count his expences that way, then how many of his valiant and deserving Subjects he lost before it.
Fra. O, speak well of the Duke. *Fla.* I have done.
Will't hear some of my Court-wisdom? *Enter Lodovico.*
To reprehend Princes is dangerous; and to over-commend some of them, is palpable lying. *Fra.* How is it with the Duke?
Lod. Most deadly ill.

He's

He's faln into a ſtrange diſtraction.
He talks of Battels, and Monopolies,
Levying of Taxes; and from that, deſcends
To the moſt brain-ſick language. His mind faſtens
On twenty ſeveral objects, which confound
Deep ſenſe with folly. Such a fearful end
May teach ſome men that bear too lofty creſt,
Though they live happieſt, yet they die not beſt.
He hath confer'd the whole State of the Dukedom
Upon your Siſter, till the Prince arrive
At mature age. *Fla.* There's ſome good luck in that yet.
Fra. See, here he comes. *Enter Brachiano, preſented in a bed; Vittoria, and others.*
There's death in's face already.
Vit. O my good Lord! *Bra.* Away, you have abus'd me:
You have convey'd Coyn forth our Territories;
Bought and ſold Offices, oppreſs'd the Poor,
And I ne're dreamt on't. Make up your Accounts,
Ile now be my own Steward. *Fra.* Sir, have patience.
Bra. Indeed, I am too blame.
For, did you ever hear the dusky Raven
Chide blackneſs? or, was't ever known, the Devil
Rail'd againſt cloven Creatures? *Vit.* O my Lord!
Bra. Let me have ſome Quails to ſupper. *Fla.* Sir, you ſhall.
Bra. No; ſome fried Dog-fiſh: your Quails feed on poiſon.
That old Dog-fox, that Politician *Florence!*
Ile forſwear hunting, and turn Dog-killer:
Rare! ile be friends with him; for, mark you, Sir? one Dog
Still ſets another a barking: Peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine Slave come in now. *Fla.* Where?
Bra. Why there;
In a blew Bonnet, and a pair of Breeches
With a great Cod-piece. Ha, ha, ha;
Look you, his Cod-piece is ſtuck full of Pins
With Pearls o'th head of them. Do not you know him?
Fla. No, my Lord. *Bra.* Why, 'tis the Devil;
I know him by a great Roſe he wears on's Shoe
To hide his Cloven-foot: Ile diſpute with him;
He's a rare linguiſt. *Vit.* My Lord, here's nothing.
Bra. Nothing? rare! nothing? when I want Money,
Our Treaſury is empty, there is nothing;
Ile not be us'd thus. *Vit.* O! lie ſtill, my Lord.
Bra. See, ſee, *Flamineo* that kill'd his Brother,
Is dancing on the Ropes there; and he carries
A Money-bag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking's neck. And there's a Lawyer,

In a Gown whipt with Velvet, ſtares and gapes
When the Money will fall. How the Rogue cuts capers!
It ſhould have been in a Halter.
'Tis there; what's ſhe? *Fla. Vittoria*, my Lord.
Bra. Ha, ha, ha. Her Hair is ſprinkled with Arras-powder, that makes her look as if ſhe had ſinn'd in the Paſtry. what's he?
Fla. A Divine, my Lord.
Bra. He will be drunk; avoid him: th'argument
Is fearful, when Church-men ſtagger in't.
Look you; ſix grey Cats, that have loſt their tails,
Crawl up the Pillow: ſend for a Rat-catcher;
Ile do a Miracle: Ile free the Court
From all foul Vermine. Where's *Flamineo?*
Fla. I do not like, that he names me ſo often,
Eſpecially on's death-bed; 'tis a ſign
I ſhall not live long: See, he's near his end.
Lod. Pray give us leave; *Attende Domine Brachiane.*
Fla. See, ſee how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the Crucifix. *Vit.* O, hold it conſtant.
It ſettles his wild ſpirits; and ſo his eyes
Melt into tears.
Lod. *Domine* Brachiane, *ſolebas in bello tutus eſſe tuo clypeo, nùnc hunc clypeum hoſti tuo opponas infernali.*
Gaſ. *Olim haſta valuiſti in bello; nùnc hanc ſacram haſtam vibrabis contra hoſtem animarum.*
Lod. *Attende, Domine* Brachiane; *ſi nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta ſunt inter nos, flecte caput in dextrum.*
Gaſ. *Eſto ſecurus, Domine* Brachiane; *cogita, quantum habeas meritorum: denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam ſi quid eſſet periculi.*
Lod. *Si nùnc quoque probas ea quæ acta ſunt inter nos, flecte caput in levum.*
He is departing: pray, ſtand all apart;
And let us only whiſper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our Order
Permits you not to hear. *Gaſ. Brachiano.*
Lod. Devil *Brachiano.*
Thou art damn'd. *Gaſ.* Perpetually.
Lod. A Slave condemn'd, and given up to the Gallows,
Is thy great Lord and Maſter. *Gaſ.* True: for thou
Art given up to the Devil. *Lod.* O you Slave!
You that were held the famous Politician,
Whoſe Art was Poiſon. *Gaſ.* And whoſe Conſcience Murder.
Lod. That would have broke your Wives neck down the ſtairs, e're ſhe was poiſon'd. *Gaſ.* That had your Villanous Sallets.
Lod. And fine Imbroider'd Bottles, and Perfumes,
Equally Mortal with a Winter-plague.

Brachiano ſeems here near his end; Lodovico and Gaſparo, in the Habit of Capuchins, preſent him in his bed with a Crucifix and hallowed candle.

By the Crucifix.

By the hallowed Taper.

Here the reſt being departed, Lodovico, and Gaſparo, diſcover themſelves.

Gaſ. Now, there's Mercury.
Lod. And Copperaſs.
Gaſ. And Quick-ſilver.
Lod. With other deviliſh Apothecary ſtuff,
A melting in your Politick-brains. Do't hear?
Gaſ. This is Count *Lodovico*. *Lod.* This, *Gaſparo*;
And thou ſhalt die like a poor rogue. *Gaſ.* And ſtink
Like a dead Flie-blown Dog.
Lod. And be forgotten before thy Funeral-Sermon.
Bra. Vittoria! Vittoria! *Lod.* O, the curſed Devil
Comes to himſelf again: We are undone.

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

Enter Vittoria, Franciſco, *and the Attendants.*

Gaſ. Strangle him in private. What? will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for Charity,
For Chriſtian Charity, avoid the Chamber. *Exeunt.*
Lod. You would prate, Sir. This is a True-love-knot
Sent from the Duke of *Florence*. *Brachiano is ſtrangled.*
Gaſ. What, is it done?
Lod. The ſnuff is out. No Woman-keeper i'th World,
Though ſhe had practis'd ſeven year at the Peſt-houſe, *They return.*
Could have don't quaintlier. My Lords, he's dead.
Omn. Reſt to his Soul.
Vit. O me! this place is Hell. *Exit Vittoria.*
Fra. How heavily ſhe takes it! *Fla.* O yes, yes;
Had Women navigable Rivers in their Eyes,
They would diſpend them all; ſurely, I wonder
Why we ſhould wiſh more Rivers to the City,
When they ſell Water ſo good cheap. Ile tell thee,
Theſe are but Mooniſh ſhades of griefs or fears;
There's nothing ſooner dry, then Womens tears.
Why here's an end of all my harveſt; he has given me nothing.
Court-promiſes! Let Wiſe men count them curſt;
For, while you live, he that ſcores beſt, pays worſt.
Fra. Sure, this was *Florence* doing. *Fla.* Very likely.
Thoſe are found weighty ſtrokes which come from th'hand,
But thoſe are killing ſtrokes which come from th'head.
O the rare tricks of a Machiavilian!
He doth not come, like a groſs plodding ſlave,
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knave
He tickles you to death; makes you die laughing,
As if you had ſwallowed a pound of Saffron.
You ſee the feat, 'tis practis'd in a trice;
To teach Court-honeſty, it jumps on ice.

Fra.

Fra. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices. *Fla.* Misery of Princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their Slaves!
Not only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will;
One were better be a Thresher.
Uds death, I would fain speak with this Duke yet.
Fra. Now he's dead?
Fla. I cannot Conjure; but if Prayers, or Oaths,
Will get to th'speech of him, though forty Devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
Ile speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted. *Fra.* Excellent *Lodovico!* *Exit* Flamineo.
What, didst thou terrifie him at the last gasp?
Lod. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like
T'have terrified us. *Fra.* How? *Enter* Zanche.
Lod. You shall hear that hereafter.
See! yon's the Infernal, that would make us sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promis'd when she fell in love with you.
Fra. You're passionately met in this sad world.
Zan. I would have you look up, Sir; these Court-tears
Claim not your tribute to them: Let those weep
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concern'd you.
Lod. Shall's fall a dreaming?
Fra. Yes; and, for fashion sake, ile dream with her.
Zan. Methought, Sir, you came stealing to my bed.
Fra. Wilt thou believe me, Sweeting? By this light,
I was a dreamt on thee too; for, methought,
I saw thee naked. *Zan.* Fie, Sir! as I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.
Fra. So dreamt I;
And lest thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle. *Zan.* Verily, I did dream
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to't.
Lod. How? how? I hope you will not go to't there.
Fra. Nay, you must hear my dream out.
Zan. Well, Sir, forth.
Fra. When I threw the mantle o're thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly methought. *Zan.* Laugh!
Fra. And cried'st out,
The hair did tickle thee. *Zan.* There was a dream indeed!

Lod. Mark her, I prethee; she simpers like the suds
A Collier hath been washt in.
Zan. Come, Sir; good fortune tends you: I did tell you
I would reveal a secret. *Isabella*,
The Duke of *Florence*'s Sister, was impoison'd
By a 'fum'd Picture: and *Camillo*'s neck
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*; the mischance
Laid on a Vaulting-horse. *Fra.* Most strange!
Zan. Most true. *Lod.* The bed of Snakes is broke.
Zan. I sadly do confess, I had a hand in the black deed.
Fra. Thou kept'st their counsel. *Zan.* Right:
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria*. *Lod.* Excellent penitence!
Usurers dream on't, while they sleep our Sermons.
Zan. To further our escape, I have intreated
Leave to retire me, till the funeral,
Unto a friend i'th Country. That excuse
Will further our escape. In Coyn and Jewels,
I shall at least make good unto our use
An hundred thousand Crowns. *Fra.* O noble Wench!
Lod. Those Crowns we'l share. *Zan.* It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,
And wash the Æthiop white. *Fra.* It shall: away.
Zan. Be ready for our flight. *Fra.* An hour 'fore day. *Exit Zan.*
O strange discovery! why, till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.
Zan. You'l wait about mid-night *Enters again.*
In the Chappel. *Fra.* There.
Lod. Why now our action's justifi'd.
Fra. Tush, for Justice!
What harms it Justice? we now, like the Partridge,
Purge the Disease with Laurel: for the fame,
Shall crown the enterprize, and quit the shame. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scen. 3.

Enter Flamineo *and* Gaspar, *at one door; another way* Giovanni, *attended.*

Gas. The young Duke! Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?
Fla. I have known a poor Womans Bastard better favour'd. This is behind him: now, to his face, all comparisons are hateful. Wise was the Courtly Peacock, that being a great Minion, and being compar'd, for beauty, by some Dottrels that stood by, to the Kingly Eagle, said; The Eagle was a far fairer Bird then her self; not in respect of her Feathers, but in respect of her long Talons: His will grow out in time.——
My gracious Lord! *Gio.* I pray leave me, Sir.
Fla. Your Grace must be merry; 'tis I have cause to mourn: for, wot you what said the little Boy that rode behind his Father on horse-back?

Gio.

Gio. Why, what said he?

Fla. When you are dead, Father, (said he) I hope that I shall ride in the saddle. O'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself; he may stretch himself in the stirrops, look about, and see the whole compass of the Hemisphere. You're now, my Lord, i'th saddle.

Gio. Study your prayers, Sir, and be penitent:
'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former been;
I have heard grief nam'd th'eldest child of sin. *Exit Giovan.*

Fla. Study my prayers? he threatens me divinely; I am falling in pieces already: I care not, though, like *Anacharsis*, I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for Usurers gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullice for the Devil.
He hath his Uncles villanous look already
In decimo sexto. Now, Sir, what are you? *Enter Courtier.*

Cour. It is the pleasure, Sir, of the Duke,
That you forbear the Presence, and all Rooms
That owe him Reverence.

Fla. So; the Wolf and the Raven are very pretty Fools, when they are young. Is it your Office, Sir, to keep me out?

Cour. So the Duke wills.

Fla. Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not to be used in all Offices: Say, that a Gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about mid-night, and committed to Castle *Angelo*, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smock; would it not shew a cruel part in the Gentleman-porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o're her head and ears, and put her in naked? *Cour.* Very good; you are merry. *Exit.*

Fla. Doth he make a Court-ejectment of me? A flaming fire-brand casts more smoke without a-Chimney then within. Ile smother some of them.
How now? Thou art sad. *Enter* Francisco.

Fra. I met even now with the most piteous sight.

Fla. Thou meet'st another here; a pitiful
Degraded Courtier. *Fra.* Your reverend Mother
Is grown a very old Woman in two hours.
I found them winding of *Marcello*'s coarse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad Elegies:
Such, as old Grandams, watching by the dead,
Were wont t'out-wear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so ore-charg'd with water. *Fla.* I will see them.

Fra. 'Twere much uncharity in you; for your sight
Will add unto their tears. *Fla.* I will see them.
They are behind the Traverse. Ile discover
Their superstitious howling.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

Enter Cornelia, *the* Moor, *and three other Ladies discover'd winding* Marcello's *coarse. A Song.*

Cor. This Rosemary is wither'd, pray, get fresh;
I would have these Herbs grow up in his Grave
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the Bayes,
Ile tie a Garland here about his Head;
'Twill keep my Boy from Lightning. This Sheet
I have kept this twenty years, and every day
Hallow'd it with my Prayers; I did not think
He should have wore it. *Moor.* Look you; who are yonder?
Cor. O, reach me the Flowers.
Moor. Her Ladyship's foolish. *Wom.* Alas! her grief
Hath turn'd her child again. *Cor.* You're very welcome.
There's Rosemary for you, and Rue for you. *To* Flamineo.
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
I have left more for my self. *Fra.* Lady, who's this?
Cor. You are, I take it, the Grave-maker. *Fla.* So.
Moor. 'Tis *Flamineo.*
Cor. Will you make me such a Fool? here's a white hand;
Can blood so soon be washt out? Let me see,
When Scritch-owls croak upon the Chimney-tops,
And the strange Cricket i'th Oven sings, and hops;
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a Coarse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a Toad sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memory; pray buy me three ounces of't.
Fla. I would I were from hence. *Cor.* Do you hear, Sir?
Ile give you a saying which my Grand-mother
Was wont, when she heard the Bell tole, to sing o're unto her Lute.
Fla. Do, and you will; do.
Cor. *Call for the Robin-red-breast, and the Wren,* Cornelia *doth this*
Since o're shady groves they hover, *in several forms of*
And with leaves and flowers do cover *distraction.*
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral Dole
The Ant, the Field-mouse, and the Mole
To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay Tombs are rob'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the Wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'l dig them up agen.
They would not bury him, 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy Church receive him duly,
Since he paid the Church tithes truly.

His

His wealth is ſumm'd, and this is all his ſtore:
This poor men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may ſhut up.
Bleſs you all, good people. *Exeunt* Cornelia, *and Ladies.*
Fla. I have a ſtrange thing in me, to th' which
I cannot give a name, without it be
Compaſſion. I pray leave me. *Exit* Franciſco.
This night ile know the utmoſt of my fate;
Ile be reſolv'd what my rich Siſter means
T'aſſign me for my ſervice: I have liv'd
Riotouſly ill, like ſome that live in Court;
And ſometimes, when his face was full of ſmiles,
Have felt the maze of conſcience in my breſt.
Oft gay and honour'd Robes thoſe tortures try;
" We think Cag'd-birds ſing, when indeed they cry.
Ha! I can ſtand thee. Nearer, nearer yet: *Enter* Brachiano's
What a mockery hath Death made thee? thou look'ſt ſad. *Ghoſt, in his leather*
In what place art thou? in yon'—ſtarry gallery, *caſſock & breeches,*
Or in the curſed dungeon? No? not ſpeak? *boots, a coul, a pot*
Pray, Sir, reſolve me, what Religion's beſt *of lilly-flowers with*
For a man to die in? or, is it in your knowledge *a ſcull in't.*
To anſwer me, how long I have to live?
That's the moſt neceſſary queſtion.
Not anſwer? Are you ſtill, like ſome great men
That only walk like ſhadows up and down,
And to no purpoſe? ſay.——
What's that? O fatal! he throws dirt upon me. *The Ghoſt throws earth*
A dead mans ſcull beneath the roots of flowers. *upon him, and ſhews*
I pray ſpeak, Sir; Our Italian Church-men *him the ſcull.*
Make us believe, dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
He's gone; and ſee, the ſcull and earth are vaniſht. *Exit Ghoſt*
This is beyond melancholy; I do dare my fate
To do its worſt. Now to my Siſters lodging,
And ſum up all theſe horrours; the diſgrace
The Prince threw on me; next, the pitious ſight
Of my dead Brother; and my Mothers dotage;
And laſt, this terrible viſion. All theſe
Shall with *Vittoria*'s bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

Act. 5 Scen. 5.

Enter Franciſco, Lodovico, *and* Hortenſio.

Lod. My Lord, upon my ſoul you ſhall no further:
You have moſt ridiculouſly ingag'd your ſelf

Too

Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts: so, if I should chance to fall,
My Creditors fall not with me; and I vow,
To quit all in this bold Assembly,
To the meanest follower. My Lord, leave this City,
Or ile forswear the murder. *Fra.* Farewel, *Lodovico*:
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
Ile rear unto thy memory that fame
Shall in thy ashes keep alive thy name. *Exit* Franciſco.

Hor. There's some black deed on foot: ile presently
Down to the Cittadel, and raise some force.
These strong Court-factions, that do brook no checks,
In the Career oft break the riders neck. *Exit* Hortensio.

Fla. What? are you at your prayers? Give o're. *Enter* Vittoria *with a book in her hand*, Zanche; *and* Flamineo *following them.*

Vit. How, Ruffian?

Fla. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down. Nay, stay Blouze, you may hear it,
The doors are fast enough. *Vit.* Ha, are you drunk?

Fla. Yes, yes, with wormwood-water; you shall taste
Some of it presently. *Vit.* What intends the Fury?

Fla. You are my Lord's Executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long service. *Vit.* For your service?

Fla. Come therefore, here is pen and ink, set down
What you will give me.

Vit. There. *Fla.* Ha! have you done already? *She writes.*
'Tis a most short conveyance. *Vit.* I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which *Cain* groan'd under, having slain his Brother.

Fla. A most Courtly Patent to beg by.

Vit. You are a Villain.

Fla. I, 'come to this? they say, affrights cure Agues:
Thou hast a Devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay, sir still;
My Lord hath left me two case of Jewels
Shall make me scorn your bounty: you shall see them. *Exit.*

Vit. Sure he's distracted. *Zan.* O he's desperate! *And returns with two case of pistols.*
For your own safety give him gentle language.

Fla. Look, these are better far, at a dead lift,
Then all your Jewel-house. *Vit.* And yet, methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.

Fla. Ile turn the right side toward you; you shall see how they will sparkle.

Vit. Turn this horror from me:
What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Fla. Prethee, good Woman, do not trouble me

With

With this vain worldly buſineſs: ſay your prayers.
I made a vow to my deceaſed Lord,
Neither your ſelf, nor I, ſhould out-live him
The numbring of four hours. *Vit.* Did he enjoyn it?
Fla. He did; and 'twas a deadly jealouſie,
Leſt any ſhould enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it. For my own death,
I did propound it voluntarily; knowing,
If he could not be ſafe in his own Court;
Being a great Duke, what hope then for us?
Vit. This is your melancholy, and deſpair? *Fla.* Away;
Fool thou art, to think that Politicians
Do uſe to kill the effects of injuries,
And let the cauſe live: ſhall we groan in Irons,
Or be a ſhameful, and a weighty burthen
To a publick Scaffold? This is my reſolve;
I would not live at any mans intreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding. *Vit.* Will you hear me?
Fla. My life hath done ſervice to other men,
My death ſhall ſerve mine own turn; make you ready.
Vit. Do you mean to die indeed?
Fla. With as much pleaſure, as ere my Father 'gat me.
Vit. Are the doors lockt? *Zan.* Yes, Madam.
Vit. Are you grown an Atheiſt? will you turn your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the ſoul,
To the ſouls ſlaughter-houſe? O the curſed Devil,
Which doth preſent us with all other ſins
Thrice Candied o're; deſpair with Gall and Stibium;
Yet we carouſe it off; Cry out for help;
Makes us forſake that which was made for Man,
The world, to ſink to that which was made for Devils,
Eternal darkneſs. *Zan.* Help, help. *Fla.* Ile ſtop your throat
With Winter-plums. *Vit.* I prethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at laſt day
Like Mandrakes ſhall riſe ſhrieking. *Fla.* Leave your prating;
For theſe are but Grammatical Laments,
Feminine Arguments; and they move me,
As ſome in Pulpits move their Auditory;
More with their Exclamation, then ſenſe
Of Reaſon, or ſound Doctrine. *Zan.* Gentle Madam,
Seem to conſent; only perſwade him teach
The way to death; let him die firſt.
Vit. 'Tis good. I apprehend it;
To kill ones ſelf is meat that we muſt take
Like Pills; not chew't, but quickly ſwallow it:

The ſmart o'th wound, or weakneſs of the hand,
May elſe bring treble torments. *Fla.* I have held it
A wretched and moſt miſerable life,
Which is not able to die. *Vit.* O, but frailty!
Yet I am now reſolv'd; farewell affliction:
Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To ſacrifice unto you; now am ready
To ſacrifice heart and all. Farewel, *Zanche.*

Zan. How, Madam? Do you think that ile out-live you?
Eſpecially when my beſt ſelf, *Flamineo*,
Goes the ſame voyage. *Fla.* O moſt lov'd *Moor!*

Zan. Only, by all my love, let me intreat you;
Since it is moſt neceſſary one of us
Do violence on our ſelves; let you or I
Be her ſad taſter, teach her how to die.

Fla. Thou doſt inſtruct me nobly; take theſe Piſtols,
Becauſe my hand is ſtain'd with blood already:
Two of theſe you ſhall level at my breſt,
Th'other 'gainſt your own; and ſo we'l die
Moſt equally contented: But firſt ſwear
Not to out-live me. *Vit.* and *Zan.* Moſt religiouſly.

Fla. Then here's an end of me; farewel day-light:
And, O contemptible Phyſick! that doſt take
So long a ſtudy, only to preſerve
So ſhort a life, I take my leave of thee.
Theſe are two Cupping-glaſſes that ſhall draw *Shewing the Piſtols.*
All my infected blood out:
Are you ready? *Both.* Ready.

Fla. Whither ſhall I go now? O *Lucian*, thy ridiculous Purgatory, to find *Alexander* the Great cobling ſhoes, *Pompey* tagging points, and *Julius Cæſar* making hair-buttons; *Hannibal* ſelling blacking, and *Auguſtus* crying garlick; *Charlemaign* ſelling liſts by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying apples in a cart, drawn with one horſe.
Whether I reſolve to Fire, Earth, Water, Air,
Or all the Elements, by ſcruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care.——Shoot, ſhoot. *They ſhoot, and run to him, and tread upon him.*
Of all deaths, the violent death is beſt;
For from our ſelves it ſteals our ſelves ſo faſt,
The pain once apprehended, is quite paſt.

Vit. What, are you dropt?

Fla. I am mixt with earth already: As you are Noble,
Perform your vows; and bravely follow me.

Vit. Whither? to Hell? *Zan.* To moſt aſſured damnation?

Vit. O thou moſt curſed Devil! *Zan.* Thou art caught——

Vit.

Vit. In thine own Engine; I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruine.

Fla. Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Styx, that the Gods never durst swear by, and violate? O that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of Justice!

Vit. Think whether thou art going. *Zan.* And remember what Villanies thou hast acted. *Vit.* This thy death
Shall make me, like a blazing ominous Star,
Look up and tremble. *Fla.* O, I am caught with a springe!

Vit. You see the Fox comes many times short home,
'Tis here prov'd true. *Fla.* Kill'd with a couple of braches.

Vit. No fitter off'ring for the Infernal Furies,
Then one in whom they reign'd while he was living.

Fla. O, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see:
Shall I have no company? *Vit.* O yes; thy sins
Do run before thee, to fetch fire from hell
To light thee thither.

Fla. O, I smell soot, most stinking soot; the chimney is a fire;
My liver's parboil'd, like *Scotch* holy-bread:
There's a Plummer laying pipes in my guts, it scalds:
Wilt thou out-live me? *Zan.* Yes; and drive a stake
Through thy body: for we'l give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thy self.

Fla. O cunning Devils! now I have tri'd your love,
And doubl'd all your reaches. I am not wounded; Flamineo *riseth.*
The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude. I know,
One time or other, you would find a way
To give me a strong potion. O men,
That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives; ne're trust them, they'l re-marry,
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet; ere the Spider
Make a thin curtain for your Epitaphs.

How cunning you were to discharge! Do you practise at the Artillery-yard? Trust a Woman? never, never; *Brachiano* be my president: we lay our Souls to pawn to the Devil for a little pleasure, and a Woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that sav'd her Lord and Husband, forty nine of her Sisters cut their Husbands throats all in one night. There was a shole of virtuous Horse-leeches.
Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lodovico and Gasparo.*

Vit. Help, help.

Fla. What noise is that? ha! false keys i'th Court!

Lod. We have brought you a Mask. *Fla.* A Matachine, it seems
By your drawn swords. Church-men turn'd Revellers?

Gaſ. Iſabella! Iſabella!
Lod. Do you know us now? *Fla. Lodovico!* and *Gaſparo!*
Lod. Yes; and that Moor the Duke gave penſion to
Was the great Duke of *Florence*. *Vit.* O, we are loſt!
Fla. You ſhall not take Juſtice from forth my hands,
O, let me kill her.——Ile cut my ſafety
Through your coats of ſteel: Fate's a Spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us. What remains now?
Let all that do ill take this preſident:
Man may his fate foreſee, but not prevent.
And of all Axioms this ſhall win the prize,
'Tis better to be fortunate then wiſe.
Gaſ. Bind him to the pillar. *Vit.* O, your gentle pity:
I have ſeen a Black-bird that would ſooner fly
To a mans boſome, then to ſtay the gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-hawk. *Gaſ.* Your hope deceives you.
Vit. If *Florence* were i'th Court, he would not kill me.
Gaſ. Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death, or puniſhment, by the hands of others.
Lod. Sirrah, you once did ſtrike me; ile ſtrike you unto the center.
Fla. Thoul't do it like a Hangman, a baſe Hangman;
Not like a noble Fellow; for thou ſeeſt
I cannot ſtrike again. *Lod.* Do'ſt laugh?
Fla. Would'ſt have me die, as I was born, in whining?
Gaſ. Recommend your ſelf to Heaven.
Fla. No, I will carry mine own commendations thither.
Lod. O, could I kill you forty times a day,
And us't for years together, 'twere too little;
Nought griev's, but that you are too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What do'ſt think on?
Fla. Nothing, of nothing; leave thy idle queſtions:
I am i'th way to ſtudy a long ſilence;
To prate were idle; I remember nothing:
There's nothing of ſo infinite vexation
As mans thoughts. *Lod.* O thou glorious Strumpet,
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air,
When't leaves thy body, I would ſuck it up,
And breath't upon ſome dunghil. *Vit.* You, my deaths-man?
Methinks thou doſt not look horrid enough;
Thou haſt too good a face to be a Hangman:
If thou be, do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveneſs.
Lod. O, thou haſt been a moſt prodigious Comet,
But ile cut off your train: kill the *Moor* firſt.
Vit. You ſhall not kill her firſt; behold my breſt:

I will

I will be waited on in death; my Servant
Shall never go before me. *Gaſ.* Are you ſo brave?
Vit. Yes, I ſhall welcome death,
As Princes do ſome great Embaſſadors: Ile meet thy weapon
Half way. *Lod.* Do'ſt thou tremble?
Methinks fear ſhould diſſolve thee into air.
Vit. O, thou art deceiv'd, I am too true a woman;
Conceit can never kill me: Ile tell thee what,
I will not in my death ſhed one baſe teat;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.
Gaſ. Thou art my task, black Fury. *Zan.* I have blood
As red as either of theirs: wilt drink ſome?
'Tis good for the falling-ſickneſs. I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion;
For I ſhall ne're look pale. *Lod.* Strike, ſtrike,
With a joint motion. *Vit.* 'Twas a manly blow;
The next thou giv'ſt, murther ſome ſucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. *Fla.* O, what blade i'ſt?
A Toledo, or an Engliſh Fox?
I ever thought a Cutler ſhould diſtinguiſh
The cauſe of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper; tent it with the ſteel that made it.
Vit. O! my greateſt ſin lay in my blood;
Now my blood pays for't. *Fla.* Th'art a noble Siſter;
I love thee now: If woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood. Fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd
For maſculine virtue, have been vitious;
Only a happier ſilence did betide them:
She hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.
Vit. My ſoul, like to a ſhip in a black ſtorm,
Is driven I know not whither. *Fla.* Then caſt anchor:
"Proſperity doth bewitch men, ſeeming clear;
"But ſeas do laugh, ſhew white, when rocks are near.
"We ceaſe to grieve, ceaſe to be fortunes ſlaves;
"Nay, ceaſe to die by dying. Art thou gone?
And thou ſo near the bottom? falſe report,
Which ſays that women vie with the nine Muſes,
For nine tough durable lives: I do not look
Who went before, nor who ſhall follow me;
No, at my ſelf I will begin and end.
"While we look up to Heaven we confound
"Knowledge with knowledge. O, I am in a miſt.
Vit. O happy they that never ſaw the Court,
"Nor ever knew great Men but by report.

Vittoria dies.

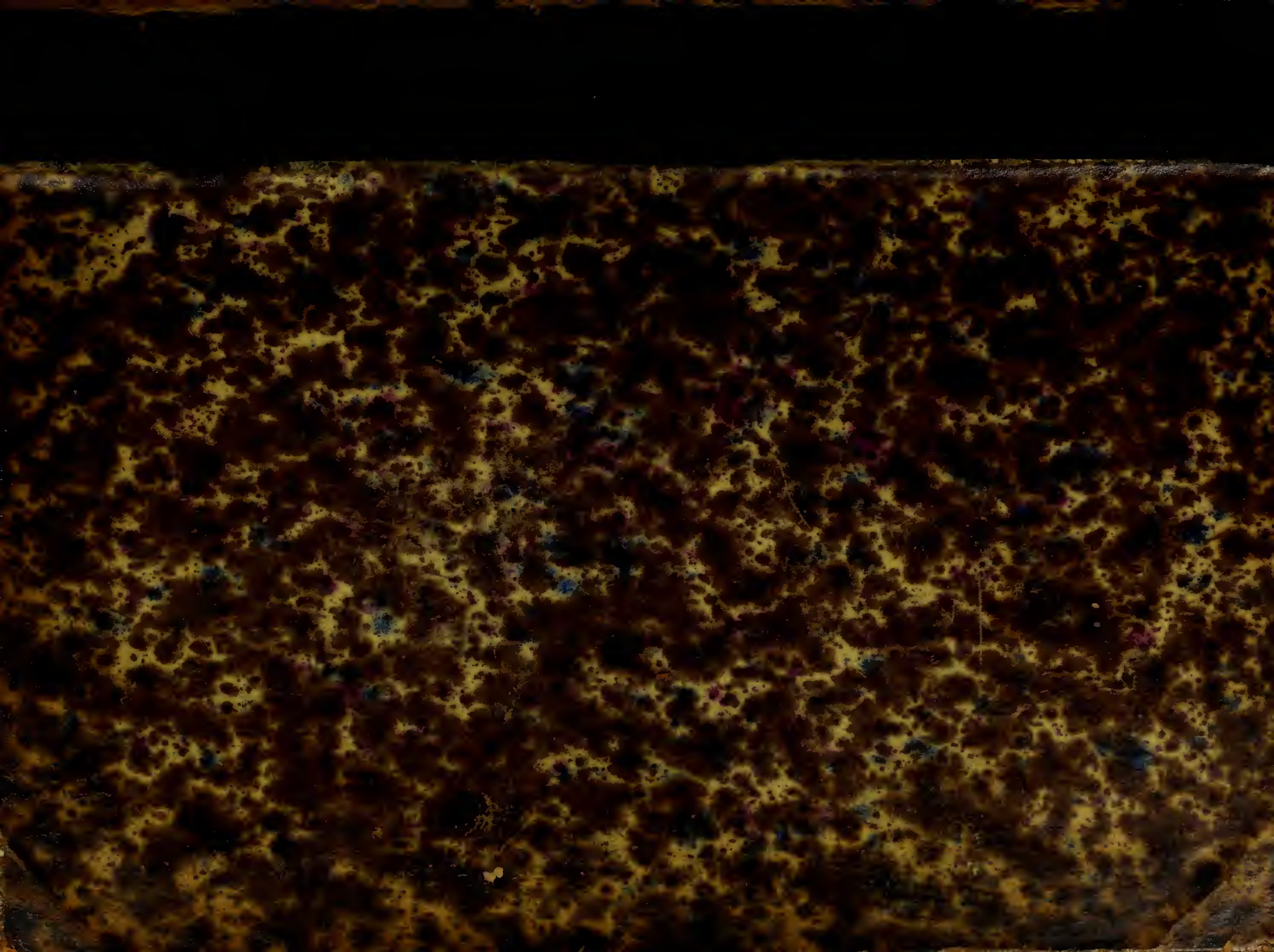
Fla.

Fla. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to great Men remember the old Wives tradition; to be like the Lions i'th Tower on Candlemass-day, to mourn, if the Sun shine; for fear of the pitiful remainder of Winter to come.
'Tis well yet, there's some goodness in my death;
My life was a black charnel: I have caught
An everlasting cold; I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably. Farewel, glorious Villains;
"This busie Trade of life appears most vain,
"Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.
Let no harsh flatring Bells resound my knell;
Strike thunder, and strike loud to my farewel.

dies.

Enter Embassador, and Giovanni.

Eng. E. This way, this way; break open the doors: this way.
Lod. Ha, are we betray'd?
Why then let's instantly die all together;
And having finisht this most noble deed,
Defie the worst of fate, not fear to bleed.
Eng. Keep back the Prince: shoot, shoot.
Lod. O, I am wounded;
I fear I shall be ta'ne. *Gio.* You bloody Villains,
By what Authority have you committed
This Massacre? *Lod.* By mine. *Gio.* Thine! *Gas.* Yes.
Lod. Thy Uncle, which is part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't.
Thou know'st me, I am sure; I am Count *Lodowick*:
And thy most noble Uncle, in disguise,
Was last night in thy Court. *Gio.* Ha!
Gas. Yes, that *Moor* thy Father chose his Pensioner.
Gio. He turn'd Murderer?
Away with them to prison, and to torture:
All that have hands in this shall taste our Justice,
As I hope Heaven. *Lod.* I do glory yet,
That I can call this act mine own: For my part,
The Rack, the Gallows, and the torturious Wheel
Shall be but sound sleeps to me; here's my rest:
"I limn'd this night-piece, and it was my best.
Gio. Remove the bodies. See, my honour'd Lord,
What use we ought to make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches, made of slender reeds.

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia, si placui.

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